The Bystander, November 19, 1919. No. 833. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER

THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW

(And, incidentally, a straight tip!)

POLICEMAN JONATHAN: "I may have pussy feet, John, but I've got damned strong hands! Do you get me?"

By FRED BUCHANAN

ENTERTAINMENTS

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Violet Loraine. Ralph Lynn.

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Bystander Comments

Bill Gawber Orates

"WELL, Bolshevic?" I asked, "how's the world treating you to-day?'

"I don't want none o' yer sark," growled Bill Gawber. "There ain't no treatin' now. The (purple) world keeps its (scorched) money in its (pink) pocket It lorst the 'abit o' treatin' during the War. An' if that don't suit yer, yer can lump it. See? Any'ow, wot's the good o' callin' me nimes yer carn't spell? The Bolshies ain't as red as they're painted. Even that (reptile) Johnnie Ward, the navvies' M.P. they calls 'im, M.P. meanin' 'More Punk,' as me lodger used to sye, as was a Yank, Johnnie Ward 'e's bin there, an' wot does 'e sye? I arsks yer, wot does 'e sye them Bolshies done?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I replied, in timid tones.

"Then 'old yer (scorched) row. The Bolshies done away with loryers! Sounds like the Garden of Eden before the leaves began ter fall, don't it? No more loryers! No more (smoking) loryers! An' arter that yer give me lip! I've 'arf a mind ter split it for yer."

"Don't do that, Bill," I implored. "I agree that this is the first good thing I've heard of Lenin, but. . . ."

"'Old yer row. Lenin knows wot 'e's doin'. Bin takin' ole Thomas 'Ardy's advice."

"?"

"Yus, yer know the song: 'When parsons practise wot they preach, An' loryers strive ter 'eal a breach, Then Boney 'e'll come pouncin' down, An' march 'is men ter London town, Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum. . . ."

Trams

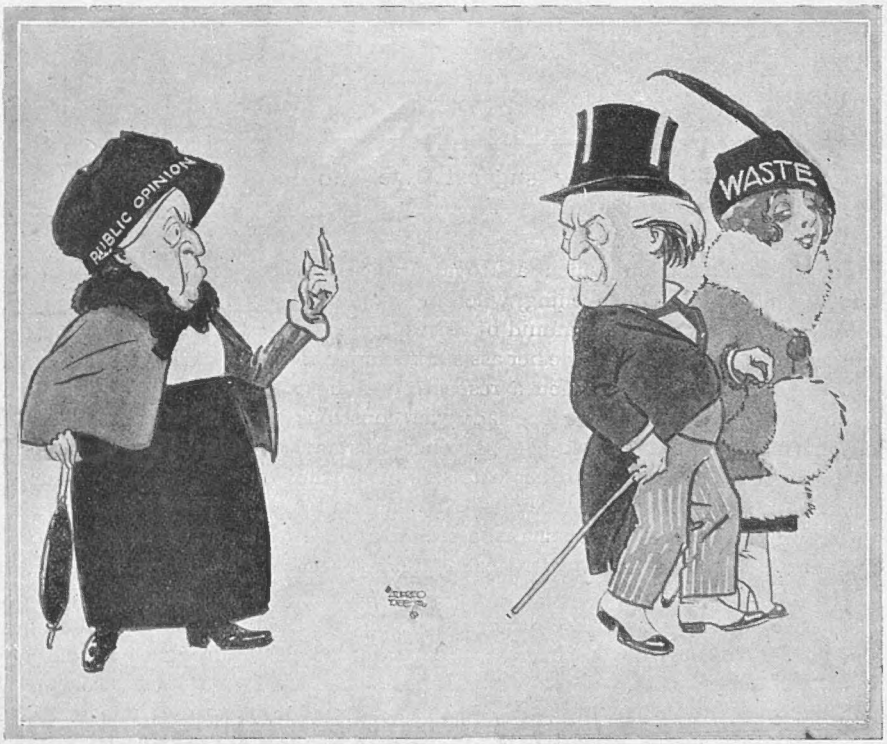
"BILL, Bill!" I cried, "you dazzle me! This culture! Do you con Lucretius in the 'Red Lion,' and Hardy in the tram?"

"Don'tcher mention trams, young feller, unless yer want a thick ear. Trams is a sore subjeck. Ever since that (devastated) London County Council put up a scheme ter spend £8,000,000. My money! Not all on it. 'course. But I ain't goin' ter 'ave my bob's worth o' rates blown on trams. See? I bin in a tram, I 'ave; the likes o' you don't know wot a tram is, with yer Roycerolls a waitin' outside the Bond Street Express Dairy. But I bin in a tram as was blocked, with a 'undred cars stuck in front an' a 'undred be'ind, all that 'cos 'Erb's aunt 'ad got a skinful and was a' sittin' on the line singin' patriotic songs, an' they couldn't move 'er without machinery. I says: No! We don't want no more (fiery) trams. Let's 'ave the people's airyplanes, I sez, a-flyin' over Piccadilly. An' I'll sit in 'em an' eat fruit, an' drop the pips on the torfs ter teach 'em Democracy."

Dear Money

"OH, I shouldn't worry about the toffs, Bill. They won't last long. What with their taxes going up and your taxes coming off, and what with the Bank of England charging them 6 per cent. on every draft they try to discount, they've got the pip already without your help. Dear money, Bill, is not good for toffs."

"Ar! Then it ain't a game o' the (punctured) Bank of England ter sweat the poor workin' man? Then I'm for dear money, I am. Let it be dearer. Six per cent. ain't enough. Charge them a 'undred per cent., I sez. 'Ave their (decorated) shirts orf!



"CONFOUND THE OLD WOMAN!"

By Alfred Leete

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Ar! I like ter think o' Lord Algy a-payin' double on the rope o' pearls as 'e pinched orf Lady Ermytrude when they was spoonin' in the marble 'all. All along o' dear money! An' the Honourable Fitz-montmorency a-pyin' on a post-obit on 'is pore par. Dear money! That'll learn 'em!"

"Bill," I asked, "do you know what dear money means?"

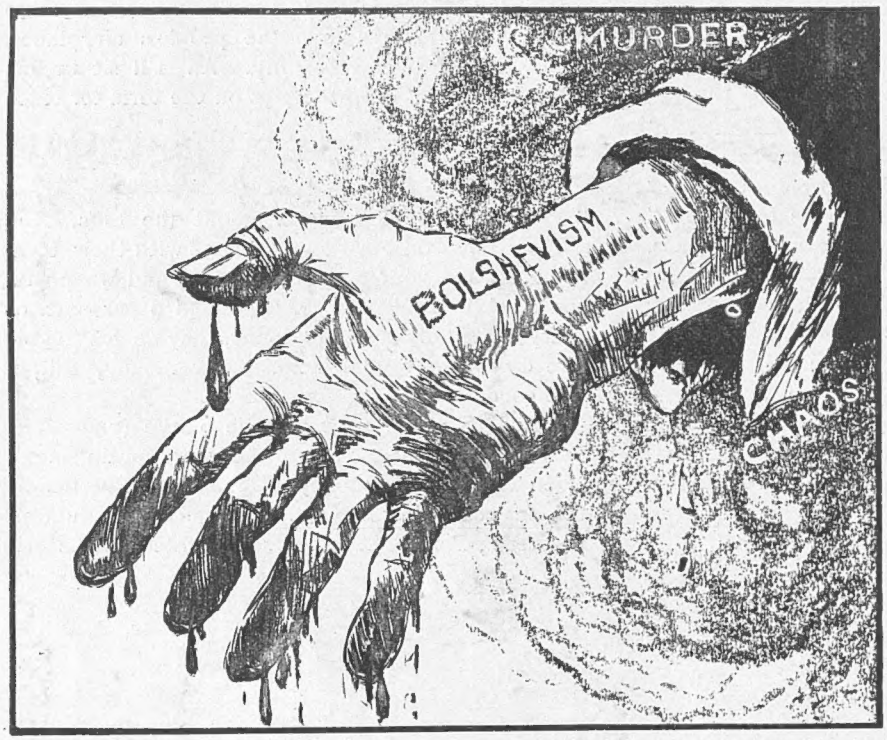
"I ain't 'ere ter be cross-examined," he replied, with dignity. "Come inside an' 'ave one with me. Money ain't too dear yet ter run ter a pint."

The Height of Respectfulness

A DAME of my acquaintance told me one of the most "tickling" tales the other day that I have heard for a long time. She is No. 1 Top Lady in a charity affair in which a Royal Princess is deeply interested. One evening, when my acquaintance was burrowing in a pyramid of correspondence, the telephone rang. She bade her assistant answer it.

There was an interval, then a respectful—almost hallowed—"Yes, ma'am." The lady was conscious of some movement, and, looking up, saw her assistant, with the receiver clapped to her ear, sinking to the ground in a profound curtsey. "No, ma'am!" "Certainly, ma'am!" "It shall be seen to at once, ma'am!" followed, and with each answer the curtsey was repeated!

The Royal lady was at the other end of the tele-phone. I ask you, can respect go further than that?



And Somebody suggests we should Shake it!

By F. Buchanan.

Old Pictures and Big Prices.

BETWEEN you and me and the doorpost, don't you think these enormous prices for pictures are all wrong? Just think of it! £54,000 for a Romney! Let the art-folk say what they will, it is an absurd, an inflated price. The money isn't paid for the painter's achievement; it is paid merely for the satisfaction of owning a Romney.

Even at 4 per cent. this sum represents an income of over £2,000 a year. I haven't the glimmering of a Socialistic instinct anywhere about me, but I must confess that when one hears of these vast sums being hung up on walls, one has very definite feelings about the mis-use of wealth—by some people.

Is it Patriotic?

WE are still a free country and folks can do what they choose with their own, but the payment of such prices is all wrong from a patriotic point of view. If a man can afford to tie up half-a-hundred thousand pounds and get no return for it, surely it would be only just if he were taxed on the value. People are taxed in the value of their land, houses, and other etceteras that eat up their bank balances and make them blink. If you spend £54,000 in these days in buying a property, consider what you are let in for—taxes, repairs, upkeep. But if you give £54,000 for a picture you've nothing except the insurance—and that is voluntary. There's something wrong here, don't you think so?

A Lucky Lantern

AND it isn't only for pictures that these fantastic prices are being paid. The auction-rooms are becoming a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground for those who have anything old to dispose of. Here is an instance that could be multiplied by a thousand. Two years before the War I was motoring with some friends in Somerset. In a little town at which we stopped for lunch there was a curiosity shop. One of our party bought a bronze lantern with rather a curious top—they used to be quite common in Somerset farm-houses. Fifteen shillings was the price paid. A few weeks ago this lantern, with some other odds and ends, was sent to a sale-room. It fetched £27 10s.! If there had been no War it wouldn't have fetched ten shillings, and, what is more, that particular sale-room would have turned up its nose and refused to take it.

This sort of thing is running in a sort of gamut through every sort of article that has any claim to age—every sort except lace.

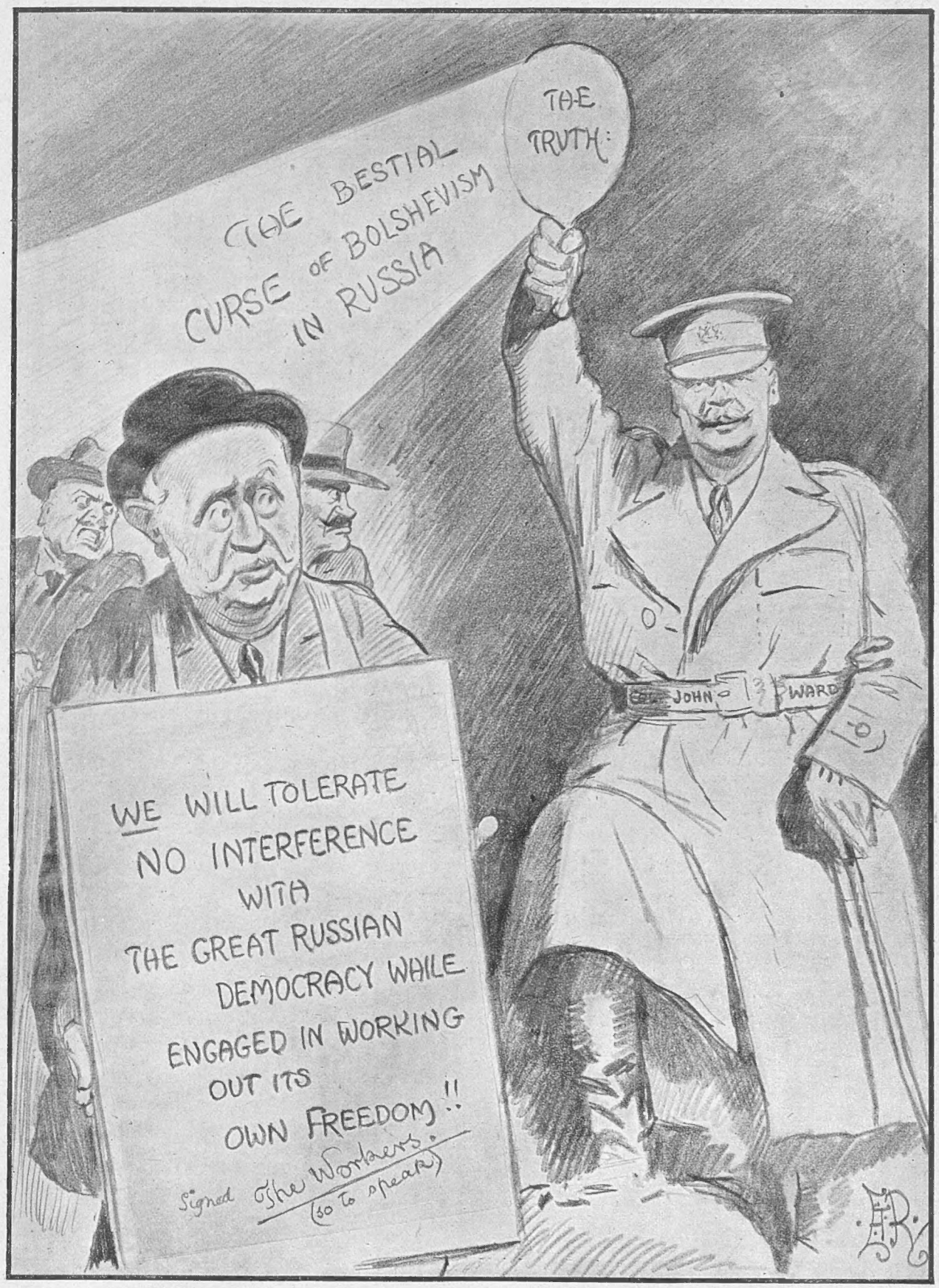
Lace Napoo!

REALLY valuable old lace has no market at all. The explanation given by an auctioneer was

(Continued on page 580)

"De Profundis"; or Inconvenient Testimony

(COL. JOHN WARD, WITH CONSISTENT BRAVERY, TELLS HIS OLD FRIENDS THE TRUTH)



"FRIEND LANSBURY": "Oh-h, come on, Com-rades!!—the likes of *'im* ain't no sort o' use to the likes of *us!!*—If *that's* the 'truth', give me the 'Distortin' Mirrors"!

By E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

"ENTENTE CORDIALE": THE KING AND QUEEN WITH PRESIDENT AND MADAME POINCARE
This photograph was taken at Buckingham Palace shortly after the arrival of the President and his wife on their visit to this country.

"Lace isn't showy enough for the people who are buying now. It doesn't 'bear' its value except to those who know when it's real—and they're not many."

So perhaps the explanation of all these inflated prices for things of "bigotry and virtue" is, money likes to show it's money's worth. And the newer the money the greater the liking.

The Wages of Gossip

THE Douglas-Pennant case shows once again the unhappiness of listening to rumours and gossip. And there's an unpleasant crop bred of such listenings just now. Most people feel rather sorry for Lord Stanhope. It was lamentable that Miss Douglas-Pennant took the line she did on the evidence she brought before the Commission, because it raises the question of the capacity of women for authority at the very moment when authority is being placed in women's hands. The only satisfaction in the whole business is that people who have been going through much mental suffering during the last few months, have been publicly cleared by the Commission of the charges made. One wishes for the sake of all the women who did so splendidly in War-work that the charges had never been made.

MISS MARGARET TENNANT
Daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant and half-sister of Lord Glenconner, who is shortly to be married to Mr. John Loder. Mr. Loder traces his descent, on his mother's side, from the 1st Duke of St. Albans, who was the son of Charles II, and Nell Gwynne of Old Drury.

A Shock for the Prince

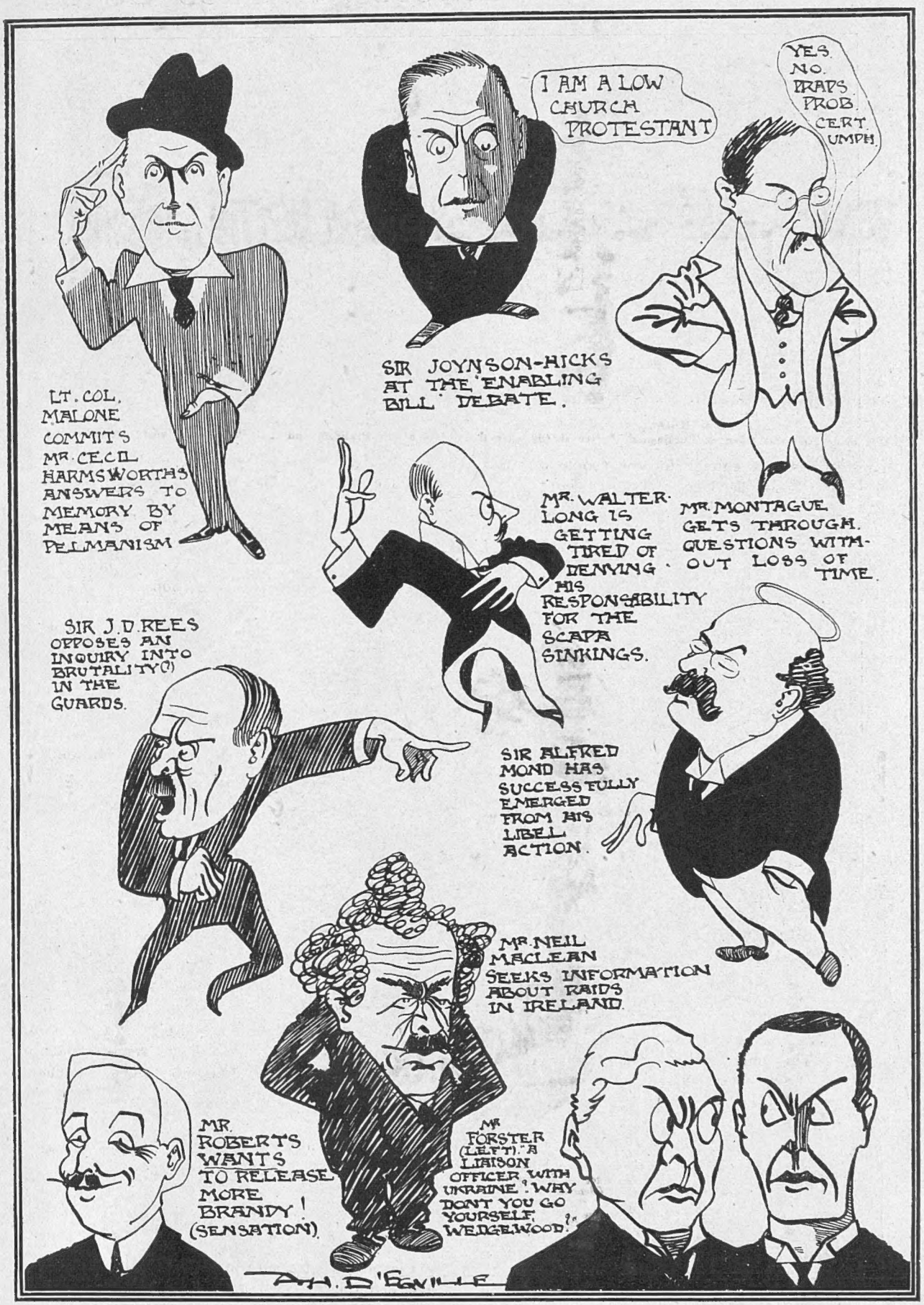
THE Prince of Wales has had some embarrassing experiences during his Canadian tour, but none more so than in a small inland town when he attended a concert given in his honour. The leading townsman, a nervous old chap of seventy-six, was rather at a loss for conversation, and suggested, in a timorous voice, that his Royal Highness might like to try a song. The Prince — to borrow the expression of an onlooker, who has since written home describing the incident—looked as if he had gone cold all over, and then, after a moment's hesitation, hinted that the leading townsman himself might like to delight the audience. The old man remained silent for the rest of the evening.

An Old Friend Returned

ONE thing the War has not swept away, and that is the readiness and wit of the London 'bus-conductor. For some ten months a newly married couple have been waiting for a gas meter. They heard that meters could be bought in some far-away, remote part of London. The husband started off at once, and, eventually, after several hours of 'bus and train, and train and 'bus, ran a meter to earth. The condition of the sale was that he should take the meter away on the spot.

Clasping his treasure in his arms, the young man boarded a 'bus. Two or three people were mounting the steps. "Here, get a move on there," called out the conductor, "an' let the gent with the money-box come up!"

Political Personalities in Caricature



IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE HOUSE

By A. H. D'EGVILLE

London Remembers: Scenes during th

THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT WAR PLACE WREATHS AT THE BASE OF THE CENOTA

Historic "Two Minutes" on November 11

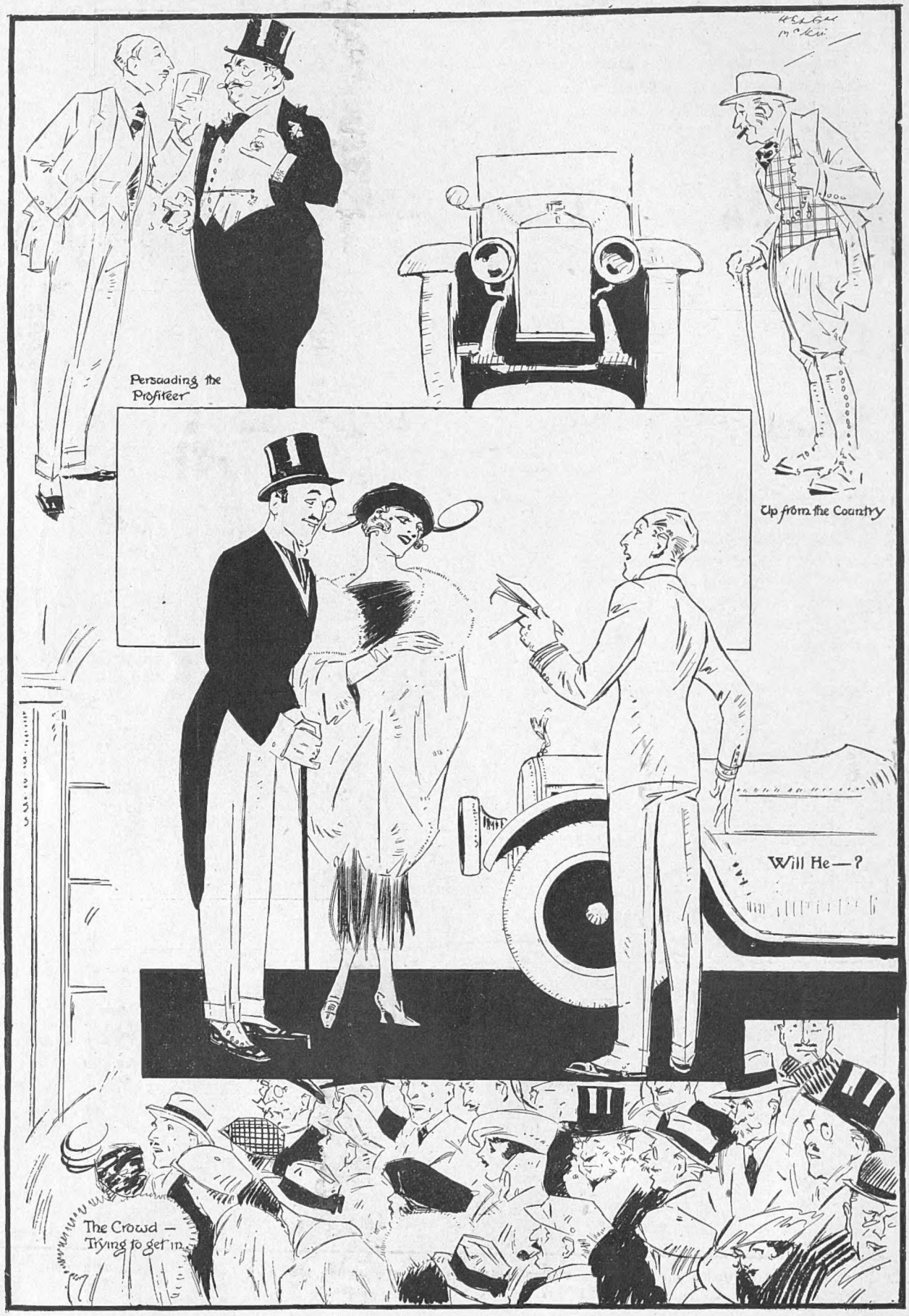
THE SCENE IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS

THE PREMIER AT THE CENOTAPH

LONDON WORKERS HONOUR THE DEAD BAREHEADED

"Olympians"

SOME OF THOSE WHO ACTUALLY SUCCEEDED—



—IN GETTING INTO THE MOTOR SHOW—AND INSPECTING THE CARS!

By HELEN McKIE

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *November* 17, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. . . . . In other words, what a stable old thing after all is this feverishly fluctuating world, where one day we're told we're bankrupt, and next—well, they say they turned 'em down simply in thousands, the people positively *clamouring* to buy three-thousand-guinea Napiers and things at last week's Motor Show.

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I'VE been reading the memoirs of the moment—Lady Dorothy Nevill's, whose youth was passed among people who brought recollections of the 18th century into Queen Victoria's reign, when telegraph wires, electric light and telephones were unknown, railways in their infancy, and the motor-car and airship undreamt of.

卐 卐

BUT she always declared, says her son and biographer, that if really put to it, she must confess that between then and now there wasn't much difference. She had seen enormous changes, and in their day numbers of them seemed important and interesting enough. Yet the main change, she thought, was "the marked decadence in the respect for ceremony and etiquette."

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AND what do you think was the "one thing" this *femme du monde* had learned in a long life—that lasted from 1826 to 1913, think of it!

That nothing that the world can give is half as delightful as the sense of freshness, and the capacity for enjoyment, which are the privilege of youth. The lapse of time brings experience—often of much that one would rather not have known. But even that which is worth knowing is bought dearly enough. . . .

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POSITIVELY, almost staggered, I was, though, by some of her ladyship's memories. Of, for instance, the English family who lived in a great house near Bruges, with ten acres of land, kept three servants and two horses, gave big dinner-parties every two months, and enjoyed all the luxuries of existence *on two hundred and fifty pounds a year!*

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LIKED the modern-sounding storyette of the American told at Naples (is it a chestnut?), "Anyhow, you've not got such a volcano as Vesuvius in your country." "No, p'raps not," replied the undefeated Yank. "But we've got Niagara which, I guess, would darned soon put it out!"

He: "Didn't I meet you one night at the Grafton Galleries?"
She: "I think so—your face feels familiar."

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AND it's comforting to read how, whenever the 20th century Sons of Society were having an extra airing, the Victorian Lady Dorothy always frankly admitted that mid-Victorian Society had contained several coteries "inclined towards a somewhat spacious morality." So now we know, don't we?

"Wallowing in a rotten morass of dirty (very) paper money"

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SPACIOUS morality. . . . Sounds, as some one says, almost a quite nice way of sinning, doesn't it? And covers *quantities* of things Our modern pash for dancing, for instance, and the clingsomeness, convergence, not to say ivy-closeness of the form of it. Which, as the old lady remarked, is all right, I suppose, if they really love one another. And anyway provides opening for conversation—

HE: "Didn't I meet you one night at the Grafton Galleries?"
SHE: "I think so—your face feels familiar."

卐 卐

APROPOS, really very difficult it is in England now to know just where we are, so to speak. As you know (*vide* Ministers and things a month or so back), the Empire's at its last gasp: England bankrupt: people wallowing in a rotten morass of dirty (very) paper money: the

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

whole situation, in fact, simply . . . Well, you know what Lady Macbeth called that spot, don't you?

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WHICH is, as the char-lady said, as it may be, though a more cheerful leader of a broken and bankrupt country than the P.M. at the Lord Mayor's Banquet last week I *never* met! Only thing is, if it's *really* so, then Solomon (S.J.) in all the glory of his Kensington Gardens camouflage schools, never contrived a better camouflage! Some of those dinner-parties, *par exemple*, given to amuse and distract and keep quiet our late visiting monarchs—of Spain, of Persia, of (Republican) France.

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WHAT bankrupts they did look—the hostesses and their lady guests, in their ropes of pearls, diamonds with a last-word setting of black onyx, flaming tiaras, fragile frocks of painted chiffon, shoes that soil in a night, stockings of gossamer, and wraps only built to wrap you in a car *de luxe!*

"....Devoured cream buns and éclairs"

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A *SAD* sight, really. And there's lots equally tragic here in London now. At the restaurants, for instance, where the people who "dine twice a day" (and breakfast and tea and sometimes sup in addition) *clamour* for public sustenance, though the food profiteer he profiteereth never so grossly.

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OR at the shops. . . . At the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* increase per yard per week (on an already outrageously high starting price) one of the most respectable of London firms was discovered to be profiteering last week! Or at the theatre. . . . Where the "bankrupts" aforesaid storm Keith Prowse for the privilege of paying some twelve or thirteen shillings or so to see theatrical productions almost unbelievably near the borderline of utter and ultimate futility.

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AND now that the shouting and the tumult's died, and the captains and the Kings departed, we're settling down determinedly to the peaceful norm. Soon, everyone will have come to an end even of his War Memoirs, we're planning a Peace Christmas, winter sports and the Riviera are sending out clarion calls for patronage, we're dance-mad. And already we've almost forgotten eating the fruits of victory, those who flung away the sweet red wine of youth to give it us.

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WELL, well. . . . Time the softener is also the obliterator, of course, and nothing after all disturbs *their* sleep, not even to be forgotten And for some of us, too, there's still something not unlike a War on—to judge by this, from a dashing Sub-Lieut. of the Emergency Fleet Sweeping Flotilla—

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"JUST a short word, dear old Blanche, from the Navy in Minesweepers (who have not been gadding round the coast all summer enjoying themselves, but have had to work hard all the time) to thank you for the good cheer you've brought us during a year which has been as near war routine as dammit, 'specially for those like myself who've been sweeping up the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland.

卐 卐

"BUT Peace progresses and there's now only the Emergency Flotilla left to carry on—I hope bravely! But oh! Blanche, we're based on Grimsby, and—well, doubtless the natives like it, but as relaxation on return from a six-day sweeping trip, 'nuff said! Tell Helen a minesweeper isn't always a trawler. Most of 'em carry six or seven officers."

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YES, and some of them, in wartime, anyway, also a *chef*, or I mistake not! Never shall I forget a tea on board a certain H.M.S. Minesweeper off Harwich at which Helen and I, starved for war-years of everything that's nice, devoured cream buns and *éclairés* and things till we very nearly *burst*. Marvellous hosts, the Navy, even when there's a War on.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE.

"Soon everyone will have come to an end even of his war memoirs"

The Bride of the Month

Photograph *Bertram Park*

MISS MARJORY HEATON-ELLIS

Second daughter of Lieut-Col. Heaton-Ellis, C.B.E. & Mrs Heaton-Ellis of Wyddial Hall, Hertfordshire, who is to be married to the Hon. John Dewar on November 27th., at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. The bridegroom is the eldest son and heir of Lord Forteviot, is an old Oxford rowing "Blue," served with the Scottish Horse during the War and won the M.C. Miss Heaton-Ellis worked as a V.A.D. both in France and Italy and was awarded the Royal Red Cross for her services.

The Coal Famine in France

"I say, Bill, old pal, send me some coal, I'm still in the same wretched cold 'ole!"

By LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

NO. IV.—REGGIE ON POLITICIANS

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES

BY

H. COLLINSON OWEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY HIGGINS.

"That would be something like a Cabinet"

"THE trouble about our politicians . . ." I began.

"My dear fellow," interrupted Reggie, "every country gets the politicians it preserves. In our country we preserve 'em much too long. Westminster is a museum where the ancient exhibits are tended with as much care as the little fellers in the Royal College of Surgeons. The trouble is that we spare the rod and put the politicians into pickle.

"Why should the great natural law of change apply to everything but politicians? A man changes his socks, his mind, his opinions, and, nowadays, his wife. We live in a world of change. Every one of us changes once in seven years, we are told. Some of us, let us hope, change for the better. Alone our politicians are changeless. Once they are elected to the Westminster Club it is, apparently, a life sentence. I have now lived under three Reigns, and the same dear old gentlemen who were guiding the solemn destinies of the country in my early Victorian days are now serving out the dope in what, I fear me, will come to be known as the Bottomley Era. Politicians go one better than Peter Pan. They are born adult, with a silver tongue in their mouths, but after that they never grow up. They have solved the secret of perpetual Advanced Middle Age.

"Take dear old Winston as an example. 'Pon my soul he's like the new poor—always been with us. Can you throw your mind back and remember the time when he was not buzzing around looking quite as old as your own respected father, and talking with all the earnest and touching gravity of a racecourse tipster, praying you to invest in one of his half-crown certainties? Can you? I can't. Why, dammit, even in my early school days Winston, looking almost venerable, was telling the country that the Radicals were takin' the country to the edge of perdition. And he's still at it, more or less. He's changed nothing, except his hats. I'll wager that if you were to look carefully through history you'd find that Winston brought up the guns at the Gordon Riots and won his first seat in the Rump Parliament.

"Being born old, politicians suffer from a lack of humour. Otherwise they would realise, after half a century or so of devoted service, that the audience had grown slightly fed-up, and wanted a change. Not long ago I ventured into a music-hall, and there I saw a person who was once a star, but who by now ought to be presiding at the common dinner-table in a Home for Ancient Comedians. The way that faded luminary hung about for the spontaneous applause that would not come was positively heartbreaking. Our dear old politicians are like that. Having brought in the Repeal of the Corn Laws and done their bit for the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they think they have a mandate to see the world through its troubles for all time. Nothing can persuade 'em that the nation would like to see a new turn. They came in at the Flood, and hope to be still carrying on long after the Prohibitionists have talked Old England dry.

"What I should like to see would be a periodical shake-up of politicians—say every five years. You don't expect a Rugger team to carry on with the fine old stalwarts of '73. Why should Parliament? Everybody is agreed that at the present time we are living in a delightful new world. But we still have the same old politicians who were strutting the stage in the far-off pre-war days, when a fellow was still a hero to his valet and didn't have to ask him whether his Union allows him to brush a hat on Wednesdays.

"The crying need of the day, my lad, is a totally new set of politicians, both upper row and lower, suited to the peculiar needs of the present time. You can't run an Ar Empire on a Jarley's Waxworks mentality. Can you point out one of our present-day politicians who is at all in touch with modern thought and movement? We live in an age of joyous enlightenment, but they don't seem to know it. What has Lloyd George ever done for the movies? Has Austere Chamberlain betrayed the slightest interest in jazzing? Did Mr. Balfour, when he was in Paris, ever shake the hand of Carpentier? And who ever heard of Mr. Bonar Law impressing his

hearers with the paramount necessity of the country having a Real Good Time?

"And when they form a new Cabinet they display about as much imagination as a bishop talking about the birth problem. They take the same old pieces out of the same old Noah's Ark and arrange 'em in the same old procession. Now, if I had the making of a Cabinet suitable to the needs of the present time, I should go something on these lines: Minister of Public Extravagance, Sir Harry Lauder; Minister of Popular Expletives, Sir Jackie Fisher; Minister for the Movies, Sir H. H. Asquith; Minister of Misrule (for Ireland), Sir George Robey; Lord High Keeper of the Saucy Story, Sir George Graves; Lord High Cellarman to the Cabinet, Sir Gilbert Chesterton; Chief Secretary for Having a Real Good Time, Sir F. B. Meyer; Lord High Pugilist and Ring Booster, Sir Charles B. Cochran; Masters of Ceremony for State Public Balls, Sir Eric Mutt and Sir Auckland Jeff; President of the Divorce Court, Sir Little Tich; Lord Chief Jazztice, Sir Charles Chaplin.

"That would be something like a Cabinet to suit present-day needs, what? Why pretend that we are interested in what used to be known as politics when everybody knows that the nation is bored stiff with 'em. Let us, as Macaulay remarked, cut out the sob stuff. Let us do away with all the stodgy old subjects which for countless generations have given our white-haired legislators the excuse to arrive home with the milk. Let us make a clean sweep of our Perpetual Politicians and their hoary old hobbies. Who wants to bother about Foreign Affairs, Ireland, Education, and all the other mouldy old subjects? They are merely the labels on the old pickle bottles for preserving politicians."

"Yes, but Reggie, you can't mean to tell me that men like Lloyd George, for instance, can simply be thrown aside and . . ."

"In a vain attempt to catch Sir Edward Carson"

"My dear old reactionary, there are no 'yes buts' in this argument. I tell you this priceless country's ripe for political revolution. The populace wants cake and circuses, and it's going to have 'em. I'm not pretending for a moment that dear old Parliament as at present constituted would not have its uses. *Bien au contraire.* Under the scheme I'm suggesting, its sphere of entertainment would be vastly enlarged. At present a few dozen people at most can crowd into St. Stephen's to watch our paid legislators engaging in their age-long little game of playing at keeping House. Under the new scheme we should build a place about five times as large as Olympia, where at least fifty thousand of the middle-classes and other common people would be able to recline in plush tip-up seats and watch the fun. This is a democratic age. Why should the populace not be allowed to see its paid favourites earning their salaries? Believe me, the great music-hall combines would feel the icy draught within a week. All the time-honoured jokes of our ancient Legislature would be kept up to full strength. Think of the roar of delight from the fifty thousand when Lloyd George entered briskly and sat on Mr. Walter Long's hat! Imagine, if you can, the explosion of mirth from the populace when Lord Curzon arose to announce gravely, 'The answer is in the negative.' Think how the prosperous crowd would rock in their seats when Mr. Chamberlain proclaimed earnestly that the country was living well within its salary, and putting by a little for depreciation! And the delirium of the grand comic *finale* when the Lord Chancellor, emerging in his full bottomed wig from his £10,000 bath, threw himself astride his fiery Irish steed and galloped round the arena in a vain attempt to catch Sir Edward Carson!

"'Pon my soul, Nero's little stunts were provincial compared to this idea. The Government publicity department would at last really come into its own. Think of the posters they would issue: 'Have you ever seen Lloyd George? If not, why not? Pay your shilling like a Briton and hear him deliver his Latest Peroration. New and Gorgeous Scenery, including Hopeful Dawns, Sentimental Sunsets, Glittering Mountain Peaks and Glorious Futures. Advance bookings for every seat. American Bar, presided over by Humorous Under-Secretary. Roof Garden, etc., etc.' Or again: 'Come and see the Side-Splitting Hat Trick in the Mother of Parliaments. Grand Full-Dress Comic Debate, preceded by Hilarious

(*Continued on page 592*)

Just to Keep on the Safe Side!

"I never saw the outlook so promising, but keep on baling, John!"

BY ALFRED LEETE

Question Time. Great Sham Battle between Lords and Commons. See the Government Democratic Tank smash down the Barriers of Privilege. . . . .' There's no end to the scope of it. In the ringing words of Lloyd George, I foresee a New and Better England, in which Cabinet Ministers will be more popular than film stars, and the House of Commons will really be the idol of a contented and happy nation."

"Of course, Reggie, that's your way of putting it. But, mind you, what really *is* wrong with politics is . . ."

"Not at all, old thing. You are entirely misinformed on the subject. The answer, I repeat, is in the preservative."

A Fishing Story. By Harford Worlock

Jack and Jill went angling,
For the trout they didn't search,
But they quickly found a perch,
And there they lingered dangling.
At last, when disentangling,
They started to go back,
They vowed the day had been top-hole,
For Jack had caught a little sole,
And Jill had hooked a jack!

Jack and Jill went angling,—
A flat fish was their mark,
But they only found a shark.
Still, after lots of wangling,
With bass for bait, and wrangling,
For flats were chock-a-block,
At last they got a little plaice
With lots of whiting on its face,
And a chub inside the lock.

Jack and Jill went toddling
Away for other fish,
And now they've all they wish,
Though Jill is wanting codling.
And when without the swaddling
It's put upon the scales,
They say it weighs eleven pounds,
But don't disturbot, or the sounds
You'll hear of little whales!

The Usurpers!

"There's another of those things that are so unfair"
"What is that?"
"Women doing men's work!"

By Lendon

"THE BLUE BIRD"

BY ALBERT PIZER

"Another Railway Concession!"

RAILWAY PROSPECTOR: "Say! would you mind moving just a little aside? We've got to put a railroad through here!"

By WILMOT LUNT

A WELCOME VACATION

By A. A. THOMSON

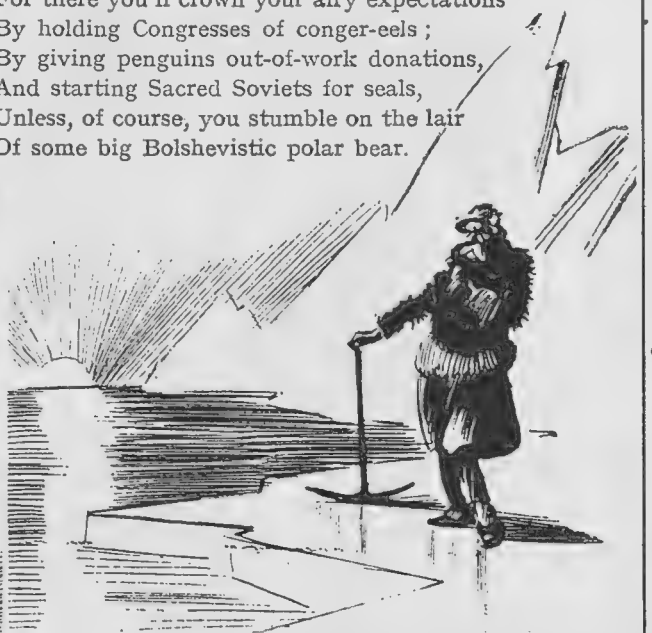
The Miners' Union has begged Mr. Smillie to take a holiday.]

PRAY do not frown upon me, Mr. Smillie,
If I should meekly venture to suggest,
Despite the fact that I esteem you highly,
That you should take a long and well-earned rest;
And furthermore I'll tell you, if I may,
The proper place to pass your holiday.

One Nansen was the first who tried to get there—
You'll find it in the atlas if you look—
And Peary hoped to meet, but never met there,
A college friend of mine whose name was Cook.
It is a perfect spot, methinks, for you
To spend a week—or month—or year—or two.

What though the seas be rough, the winds be chilly?
Just board the fastest boat and waste no time;
The frozen Arctic calls you, Mr. Smillie—
(Observe how I've allowed for either rhyme).
The pole's a place you're simply bound to like—
Where e'en the sun for six months goes on strike.

For there you'll crown your airy expectations
By holding Congresses of conger-eels;
By giving penguins out-of-work donations,
And starting Sacred Soviets for seals,
Unless, of course, you stumble on the lair
Of some big Bolshevistic polar bear.



And whilst, far from the track of roving liners,
You make wild speeches by the ocean blue,
Maybe your happy little friends, the miners,
Will take a holiday from striking too.
And we—I trust this candour won't offend—
Shall get a holiday from you, old friend.

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"WHO'S HOOPER" AT THE ADELPHI

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by HARRIS*

THE management of the Adelphi is doing its bit in the inauguration of the new world by giving us a new idea, to wit, a musical comedy with a plot that is not stereotyped. We are in, apparently, for a series of revivals of Sir Arthur Pinero's popular farces fitted up with music, songs, and dances to suit the superior tastes of the present generation. As a farce, *In Chancery* was a delightful mixture of wit and riotous mirth. Received into the musical comedy faith, and re-baptised *Who's Hooper?* it becomes a phenomenon of merely mechanical excellence. The reason, of course, is that in a musical comedy dramatic technique is always subservient to the vocalist, who is usually timed to arrive at the wrong moment. Consequently, the author's joke, to which he has been steadily and cleverly leading up, is frequently replaced at the climax by a gag from the leading comedian.

WE have here Valentine Hooper, who has had the misfortune to get mixed up in a railway accident, and is now suffering from total loss of memory. Before his memory went finally, however, he had the presence of mind to put on the best overcoat he could find among the wreckage, and as it is a good coat and he finds the card-case of Mr. Valentine Hooper in the pockets, he concludes that he must be a person of means. For some weeks past he has been staying at the "Green Man," a country inn, until he can remember who he is and where he gets his money from. Because, of course, we must all have a little money. This is such a self-evident proposition that it is rumoured that the tax-collectors are to receive instructions not to take all we have, but to leave us enough for our board and lodging.

THE landlord of the "Green Man," Mr. Mortimer Rudd, is a large, choleric man who is suffering from a weak heart, and must not be too violently thwarted. When, therefore, he comes on the stage greatly excited because Hooper is thwarting him, the audience laugh a great deal. Hooper is Mr. W. H. Berry, who has a

public of his own, and, to judge by my own observation, a very appreciative one. When he hears that whistling is especially annoying for the landlord, he whistles a little, and there is an answering shriek of laughter from the kind friends in front. Once when he was dancing with the landlord's daughter, who wears her hair in two long plaits down her back, Mr. Berry took up one of the plaits and pretended to wipe his eyes with the bow on the end of it, and you would have thought the audience had never seen anything so richly humorous in its life.

MR. MORTIMER RUDD, the landlord, has been surrounding Hooper with all the comforts of a home for several weeks, and not unnaturally he is beginning to wonder what is coming to him out of the deal, since Hooper's memory remains obstinately absent, and in his comfortable, care-free circumstances he has no inducement to recover it. Mr. Rudd, therefore, comes to the conclusion that he will give Hooper something to worry about—viz., a wife. He will get even by marrying Hooper to his daughter Nancy, and taking him into the business as a partner. Just where the profit to the landlord on this deal will come in is not particularly clear to me, but I never was a one for high finance. However, this resolution affords an excuse for an elaborate wedding breakfast, and we all know how that sort of thing attracts the girls. It inspires some of the elderly ones with a new hope after all other hopes have fled.

NANCY RUDD is Miss Cicely Debenham, an agreeably accomplished artist in this sphere of action. Miss Debenham seems to have all the qualifications for a musical comedy heroine in their right order; and, above all, she can be naturally humorous. One of her successes is her "Wedding Jazz" song. The idea is that a wedding is a frightfully slow affair to the modern bride, and could be made so much more interesting if everybody jazzed there and back. Miss Debenham sang to this effect with irresistibly high spirits, which was all we required of her. We can throw upon the author of the idea the onus of the question of

taste. Another very able performance by this lively little lady is the song in which she raises the complex question as to why she is as good as she is pretty. Her answer is that there is an angel watching over her, though she apprehends that one day she'll be caught slipping, and then the devil will get level with the angel in her heart. Let us hope, however, that her apprehensions on this score are exaggerated.

THE wedding preparations could obviously never get beyond the initial stage, because Hooper, with his lost memory, may well be a married man, as, indeed, he rather thinks he is, and if the story had been allowed to proceed on those lines somebody would have shrieked for the intervention of the Lord Chamberlain. The stage must be kept Puritanically dull, or else the public will have no excuse for flocking in their thousands to the livelier, if less wholesome, dancing-halls that are springing up everywhere. The wedding ceremony is, in fact, interrupted by the arrival of a detective with orders to arrest Mr. Valentine Hooper on sight. In the course of his speculation as to what he was before his memory left him, Hooper has considered the possibility that he may have been a criminal, and his hope then is that he was at least in the business on a large and imposing scale. About this time we are introduced to Mrs. Hichens, who, having been abandoned by her husband, has taken her household goods to the seaside in the hope of being able to make a living by letting lodgings. And when Hooper arrives on the scene it is easy to believe that the household gods are his as well, and that he is not Hooper, but Hichens.

THE real Hooper is a young man who has married a ward in Chancery against the wish of her guardian, and who has, therefore, rendered himself liable to seven days' hard, or something unpleasant like that. In their flight from justice the happy couple travel as singles, so to speak. The bride calls herself Mrs. Brown, and travels with her maid, while Hooper poses as her man-servant, James. As the maid is not in the secret, it is clear that the opportunities of the young people for stolen kisses are limited, as it would never do to shock a modern lady's-maid. It would be too much like attempting the impossible. As a matter of fact, the maid does surprise her mistress one day kissing "James," and her sarcastic comment is that her former mistress always preferred chauffeurs, and she had hitherto been under the impression that the men-servants were the maids' perquisites.

MR. BERRY works very hard to keep the fun rolling, and succeeds to the extent that on the occasion of my visit one or two people near me laughed themselves into a state of helplessness at his comicalities. Mr. Berry understands musical comedy audiences, and very wisely gives them what he knows they will laugh at. He is the perfect artist, and he makes up in professional excellence what he seems to lack in spontaneity. I trust that I am not becoming a sort of superior person, or any nonsense of that sort, but I must admit I did not find the entertainment particularly amusing.

JINGLE

Stars in the Ascendant: No. II. of a New Series

MISS RENÉE KELLY
now playing the lead in "The Cinderella Man" at the Queen's Theatre

MISS RENÉE KELLY first came before the public as "Judy" in "Daddy Longlegs." After a long engagement in that part she played the little Japanese Princess in "The Willow Tree" at the Globe Theatre. She was next seen in "Nothing But the Truth" at the Savoy, which she left to play "Marjorie Caner" in "The Cinderella Man." She has lately completed her first English film—a version of Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" in which she takes the part of "Rose Salterne"

BY HIGGINS

"The Schieber"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

No picture of life in Rhineland at the moment would be complete without a reference to this omnipresent person. He is the best customer of the *cabarets*, he and his pals being the only Germans who have the money—or the audacity—to drink champagne in these iron times for the Teuton.

By day you meet him and his kind in the "Wein Restaurants" where the sly but greedy look in the eye, the lowered voice, and the cluster of heads betray them. In the street, the Schieber lolls back in an expensive car, if he is a great Schieber; if he is a small one, he barbarously adorns his neck with a small portion of rabbit skin and smokes smuggled Dutch cigars at the portals of the —— Hotel.

He is often—but not always—a War profiteer; he may not, though he generally is, be a profiteer of any kind. Literally, of course, he is a "shover"—and by shoving he earns his living. During the War, he shoved pounds of butter from the rich farmers, past the hands of the food controller, into the larders of wealthy and unscrupulous townspeople, and materials needed by Germany for munitions he shoved over the frontier into Holland. He is the man to whom nothing is impossible; whatever the regulations on any subject, the Schieber can contravene them for you—for a consideration.

Has the German Government forbidden the import of luxuries, in order to economise, and *inter alia*, to be able to meet our bill for indemnities, and is it your business to sell one of the little food dainties from the "Ausland" so dear to the Teutonic soul? The Schieber stands by to help you, a forefinger laid delicately along his nose, and his disengaged hand held smartly open for the necessary palm-oil.

It must not be assumed that he is always a German—far from it. Wait till he or his clients are in difficulties. Promptly appears one of that particular "Schieber-Gesellschaft" before the nearest D.A.P.M., his naturalisation papers in his hand, and demands protection. He is always a perfectly good Englishinsky or Scotovitch, and "gan guite nod pelief you vill led me be gcheated py gdose damped Chermans." Though he may have donned field grey uniform against us with the best of them during the War, some marvellous *volte-face*, or the Peace Treaty, has made him "one of us," and he is determined to remain true to his new allegiance—in the occupied Zone—cost us what it may.

Nevertheless, the picture has its serious side. The Schieber with his fur collar may be a picturesque lineal descendant of the swashbuckling smugglers of old, but does he help to get on with the Peace? His activities make for one food for the rich and another for the poor, artificially increased prices, social discontent, no customs duties and taxes for the German exchequer—and no indemnity for us!

"Before the D.A.P.M."

Unscrupulous, unpatriotic, without shame or moral restraint, the Schieber is the worst of the many evil products of the War in Germany.

The only consolation is that he sometimes gets outschiebed by a greater rascal. Several cases have occurred of a rich and abdominally-minded Schieber meeting a poorer and furtive one in the precincts of the station and hurriedly buying from him a case of smuggled bacon, the delicious greasiness of which can be seen through the cracks in the case, only to discover at home that a carefully disposed layer of "Speck" can cover a multitude of bricks. Similarly, buyers of boxes of English cigarettes, "stolen" from our canteens, have found that all is not gold that flakes, and that there is little appreciable difference in the weight of cigarettes and carefully selected sawdust. It is over such incidents as these that the Briton and the honest Boche can laugh heartily together.

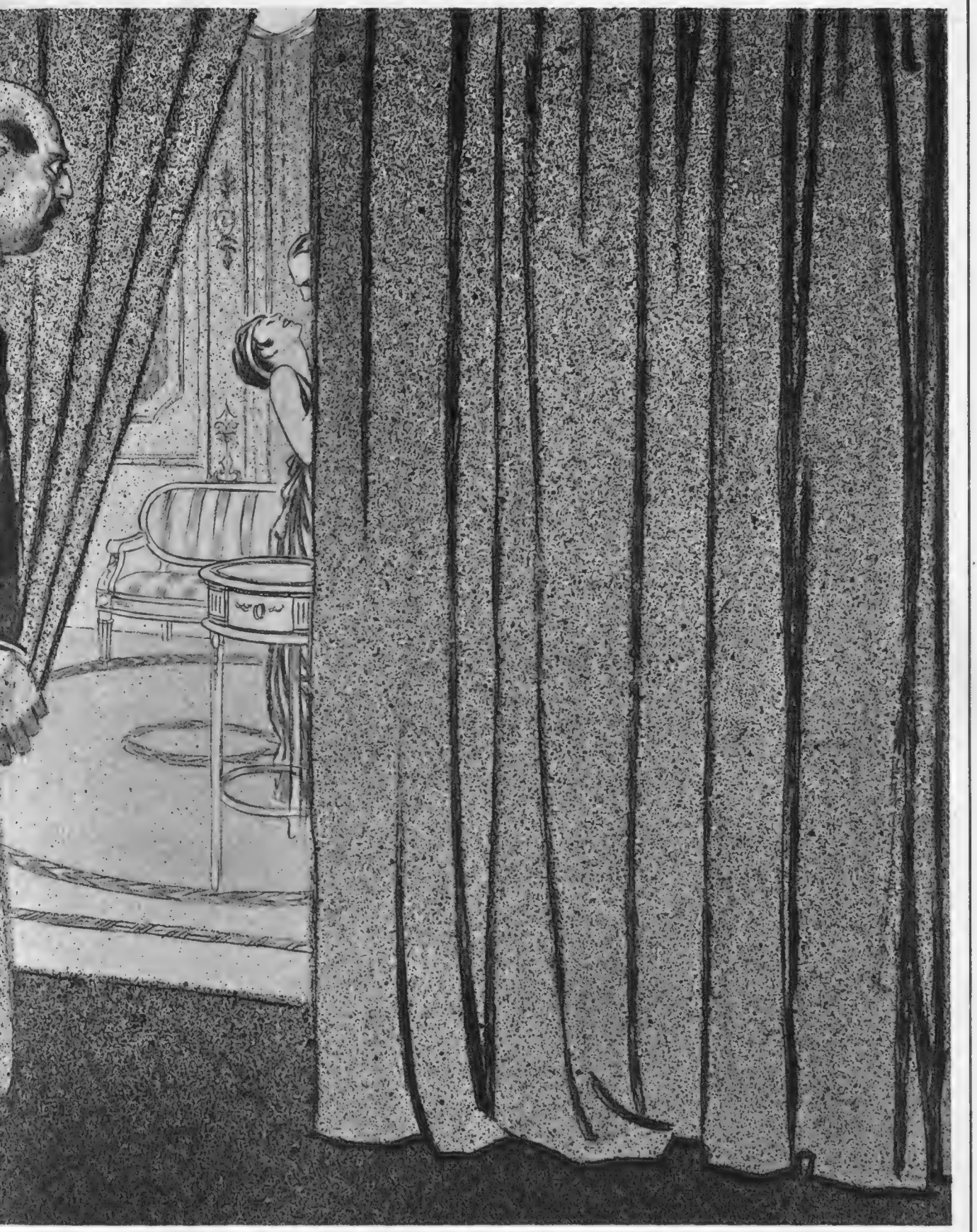
"In the 'Wein Restaurants'"

Those Sticks He Couldn't Stick

What made Old Bill lose interest in Russian politics more than anything was having his weekly hop-juice served out in this form

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE IN



TRUDER

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The Bystander IN PARIS

THE SILVER SHORTAGE. *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN.*

MES AMIS—

ALREADY it is a whole year since the emotion of the Armistice, and no one is yet in his plate. That is a French phrase of which I have not the translation, but it means that everything is still a little upsides down. Always there is a *crise*, always a something to give one the bad temper and to make one say how our French people and our Government are the most stupid in the world. Everyone

"In the markets the cooks and the old vendeuses quarrel all the morning"

loves to say that, but, oh! no, we do not like when other people say it.

BUT never in all the *crises* of the War has everyone been in so bad temper as now. Everywhere we are quarrelling because there are not any more little *sous* and the silver money. Perhaps you have laughed when you have read in your newspapers that we make our shopping with the Métro tickets and the post stamps. But we do not laugh. Oh! no, it is more grave than that when one is poor not to have a penny, though one has a hundred francs in the purse.

IN my bag I have counted how I have eleven *carnets* of the tickets of the Métro, and so many post stamps they stick themselves together with the *bons* of the grocer and of the milk merchant that Léonie has given me, and though I am so rich of these silly things it is only one hour that when I have wished to go to the Galleries I have found how I must walk because I have not the little silver for a taxi-auto or the pennies for the omnibus.

IN the markets the cooks and the old *vendeuses* quarrel all the morning because they have not the *sous* and the silver, and in the shops the girl of the cash says always the same "*Pas de monnaie, Madame,*" and one must take more post stamps or depart to leave behind what one has bought. There was one day that Léonie has returned from to make the marketing without anything for the luncheon. "But what is arrived, Léonie?" I have asked, and she has been so much in a rage. "But I have told them to keep their salad and their potatoes," she has cried, "and to-morrow if they will not give me my *sous* I shall take it without to pay."

IT is a war that she has declared, and every day she takes the vegetables without to pay, and tells the *marchand de quatre saisons* that she will pay when the Government gives us back our *sous*. And it is the same everywhere. The *politesse* is quite disappeared with the little *sous*, and everyone who is not so rich to give a *billet* of five francs and not to wish the change, says how it is better to become Bolshevic. And it makes one most angry because one's friends have been most clever to save their *sous* and *francs* in their stocking when we have thought only to amuse ourselves.

AND in the shops and the restaurants one is quite sure how one is cheated with this silly

"And when the caissieres see the gold piece"

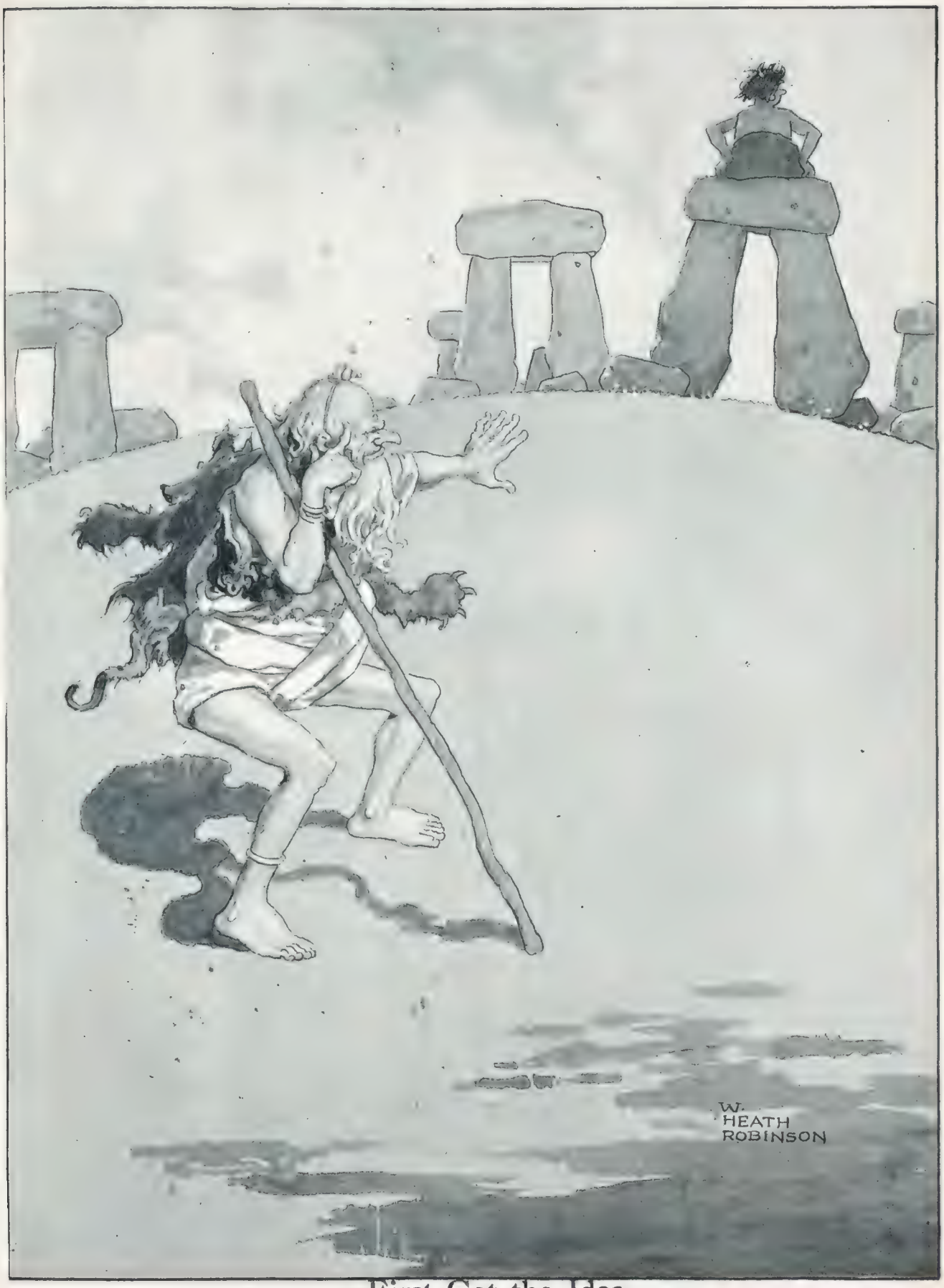
cry of the parrots, "*pas de monnaie.*" It is only that they think one will play the millionaire and not insist to have the change. I have been so glad to hear the story of Édouard that he has seen in a great café of the boulevard. There have been two *poilus* who have come to take their *apéritif*, and when they have wished to pay with a *billet* of five francs the *garçon* has said his "*pas de monnaie,*" that he could not give them the three francs of the change.

"VERY well, old one," said one of the *poilus*, "how much do they cost, these glasses?" "One franc fifty centimes each," said the *garçon*, and then the *poilus* have put them in their pockets. "That makes *l'appoint*," said one.

(Continued on page 606)

"For the tip, mon brave, pas de monnaie . . . . ."

How the Inventor of Trousers—



—First Got the Idea

(The unwitting source of this wonderful inspiration is said to have been an early ancestor of that well-known sartorial expert, Mr. Charles Chaplin)

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

" and for the tip, mon brave, '*pas de monnaie*.'"

But it is not always that one wishes to make the change with the glasses of the café, and then one must take the post stamps after one has lost one's temper to argue. Édouard himself has made a very good trick to succeed to cheat these so clever *garçons* and shopkeepers who wish to save the silver to make a traffic. He has kept since before the War a golden half louis. It is very rare, you know, the gold. Since the War there have been only twice that I have seen a real louis. And when the *caissieres* see the gold piece of Édouard they say at once, " Oh, yes, monsieur, I think that I have the little money," and when they have counted it out very careful then Édouard gives them a *billet* of ten francs like everyone else, and puts his so powerful half louis back in his pocket with the change.

But perhaps it is enough that I have grumbled about our *crise* and the wicked nature of our French people. It is of the other things that you will wish to hear one year after the armistice, when we have made so much joy together and have waved everywhere our flags. There has been the fête of our exhibition of the *chrysanthème*, that has been our great event, when everyone has gone in the new furs and dresses of the winter to see the so wonderful flowers that we have taken afterwards on the *jour des morts* to lay on the tombs. It is so we mix in France the pleasure and the sadness. And there are every week that they open the new *salons de danse* and invent the new dances so that one must work hard to know all the steps.

'Dance to keep that one shall not freeze'

And there are our elections. Of that everyone talks and makes an excitement, but it is not yet that they have given to women the vote, as in England. It is the idea of our men that the politics is only their affair. Perhaps there is in that the reason that we have not any more coal than in the War, and must go every day to dance to keep that one shall not freeze and perish of the cold.

Your friend,
AGNÈS

A PERFECTLY FAIR ARGUMENT!

HE: "What! You put on a red dress—with that fair hair of yours!"
SHE: "But, my dear, don't you know that my hair is dyed?"

By Djilio

"Mollie Maybud"

Photograph MISS STEPHANIE STEPHENS *Rita Martin*

Who is playing the lead, "Mollie Maybud," in "Nobody's Boy" with a touring company. Readers will remember that this play was produced by Mr. J. L. Sacks at the Garrick Theatre this summer

Nature Notes

1. THE PARTRIDGE

An inhabitant of the sky-line, usually seen disappearing over the same

4. THE HARE

A large rodent, chiefly remarkable for the "language" it calls forth from dog owners.

5. THE FOX

Classified as vermin: never shot (in public!)

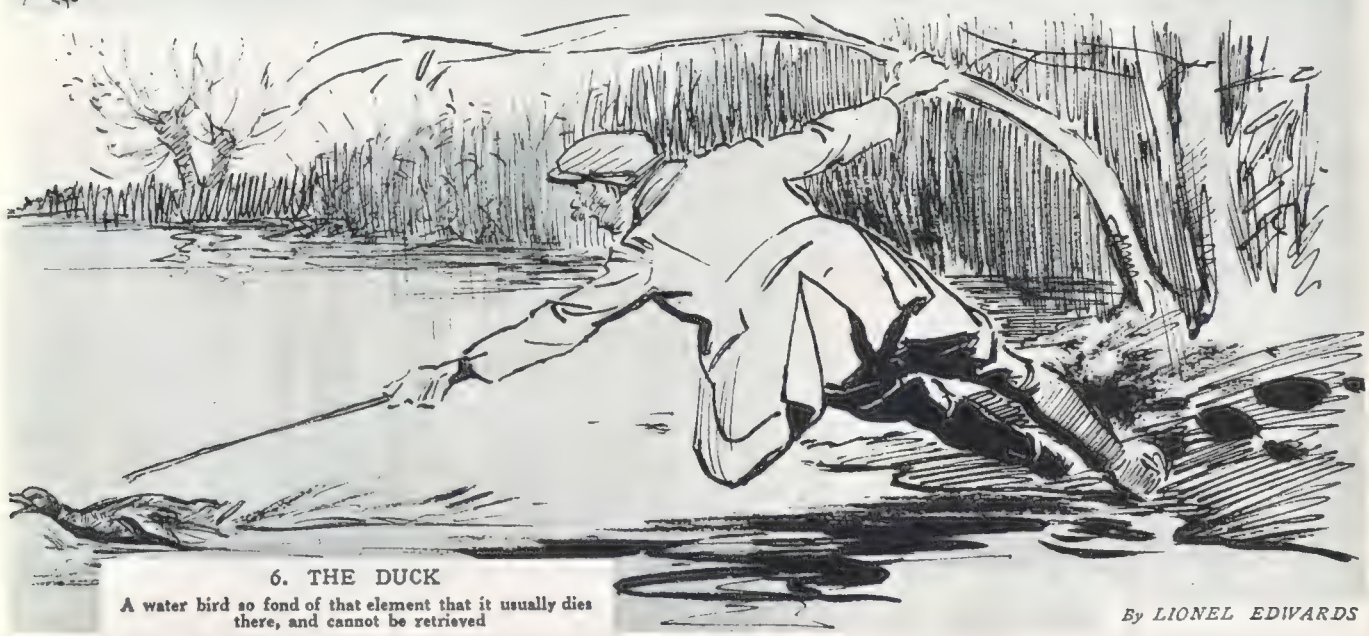
for Novices

3. THE RABBIT

A small rodent, most demoralising to young sportsmen; we believe it causes more casualties than snake-bite

2. THE PHEASANT

A woodland bird usually found in hedgerows, along which it may be seen taking pedestrian exercise



6. THE DUCK

A water bird so fond of that element that it usually dies there, and cannot be retrieved

By LIONEL EDWARDS

Oddities and Oddments: New Chelsea

By LAURA WILDIG

"Wild Oates!"

THE CLOWN: "Hullo! You're Titus Oates—what?"
THE OTHER: "Don't be silly—haven't been near the bar all the evening!"

BY BERT THOMAS

Strength *and* Beauty are always admired

AT the theatre, in the ball-room or at any social gathering well-developed men and women are always admired. The beauty of their graceful, well-rounded figures—splendidly healthful—is irresistibly attractive and always the subject of favourable comment.

Would you too like to have a figure of which you could justly feel proud? Would ten or twenty pounds added to your weight make you better satisfied with your personal appearance?

If so, you should try Sargol. It will make you nice and shapely. Sargol increases cell growth, makes perfect assimilation of food, increases the number of blood corpuscles, and as a necessary result builds up muscles and solid, healthy flesh and rounds out the figure.

For women who can never appear stylish in anything they wear because of their thinness, this remarkable treatment may prove a revelation. It is a beauty maker as well as a form builder and nerve strengthener. Men increase their nerve power and strength, and develop many pounds of good healthy flesh. Sargol is not an experiment. For years it has helped to make strong sturdy men and beautiful, healthy women. Sargol is put up in tablet form and is easy and pleasant to take.

If you want to have the winsome charm of the comely and well-formed, by all means give it a trial. *Sargol is sold and recommended by first-class Chemists everywhere, or will be sent Post Free direct from our own Laboratories upon receipt of price, 3/- a box or 6 boxes for 15 -.*

THE SARGOL COMPANY, 10 Phœnix Place
Mount Pleasant, LONDON, W.C.

The Letter

By JAY E. FOREST
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

"It is absurd that I who have so lately seen you (and shall so surely see you to-morrow) should be constrained to write to you—but there is always so much to say.

To-night I have found it very difficult to attend to anything except to my thoughts of you—I do not think I ever forget anything you say to me—and my memories include the very tones of your voice—that deep, coloured voice of yours that has power to shake my heart when you speak to me.

O, my dear—I am so happy—it is so beautiful a thing to love absolutely—so wonderful a thing to have reached at last the goal towards which one's whole life has journeyed.

You said to-day that I am blind—that I do not see your faults—and that is so silly!—love such as mine is not blind—but 'faults!'—to me it seems that faults are things that only those who do not love see—a lover sees various qualities in the beloved—sees and accepts all. You told me that you are bad-tempered—are you? I know sometimes you are very quiet and 'grown-up'—as Beryl says—and that makes me laugh—and I know that if I say, 'Don't be cross'—you will get up and come over to me and kiss me—oh! but dreadfully, and say, 'Am I cross do you think?'

This letter is stupid—but I am so very tired, and I've been taking aspirin all day to fight a dramatic headache. I ought to be finishing that drawing for Meredith—and before I go to bed I must send off some cheques and write to Gladys—she asked me to send her the address of a woman who makes lamp-shades—I would rather just gossip with you, and go to bed with the blessed sense of your nearness that writing to you always brings. O, Gilbert, how I love you!—it seems as if all of me that is not love is being burnt away—I am grown very humble and very proud—I must end this now—it is past midnight, and some time to-day I shall hear your step on my stairs. May the God of the Stars keep you."

. . . . . .

Marion Tremayne laid down her pen and took a cigarette from the box beside her. Her face was very pale, and there were little faint lines of suffering about her mouth and eyes. She struck a match and lighted the cigarette, and then read her letter through. She was extraordinarily tired—but she must send that lamp-shade address to Gladys Brand. She had promised, and there wouldn't be time in the morning. She got up and hunted in the pigeon-holes of her bureau for an address book, found it, and wrote a little note. Then she extracted a cheque book from the litter of papers and drawings that lay on the table before her, and sat staring at it, pen in hand. Her head was extraordinarily bad—she felt dazed—almost as if she might faint. For a moment she rested her forehead upon the table—trying to remember what cheques she ought to write. She remembered that there had been a "Final Notice" from someone by the morning's post. Water Board—Electric light—or Gas——ah!—Gas Company. She got up wearily and took a handful of letters from the mantel-piece, found the "Final Notice"—with its cold endorsement in red ink. She smiled wanly—Gilbert was quite right when he said she ought always to open letters that came. Well, she would write the cheque now, post the letters, and go to bed.

. . . . . .

Gilbert Brand sat at breakfast and opposite to him sat Gladys, his wife. The room was full of the dim autumn sunlight of London in September. The parlour-maid had just brought in the letters—two little piles. Gladys had put hers beside her plate, and was pouring out coffee with delicate precision. The maid waited, tray in hand, to carry his cup to her master. Gilbert was opening his letters. The writing on the envelope of one brought a wave of colour into his cheeks. He glanced at his wife, and then tore the envelope open and took out the folded sheet. The letter began, "Dear Gladys." . . .

Very deliberately Gilbert took

his handkerchief from his sleeve and wiped his forehead—he was in those first moments incapable of coherent thought. He felt physically empty—unsubstantial—and mechanically put out his hand and took the cup of coffee the maid had placed beside him before she left the room. His hand shook very badly, and the necessity for getting the coffee safely to his lips steadied him. . . .

He heard the sound of tearing paper. Gladys was beginning to open her letters.

He stole a furtive glance at her. Her serene untroubled face reassured him. For the moment he was safe. Then his brain became active—like a trapped beast he cast about for a means of escape. What could he do? Cry out——pretend to faint, and while Gladys ran for help swiftly secrete that letter? . . . No good! Gladys would not run for help—she would ring the bell—and loosen his collar—be calm and efficient—and when the maid came she would tell her to telephone for the Doctor. There was no way out. He felt suddenly a violent sense of anger against Marion. . . .

His mind raced back, and he remembered with an odd sense of detachment that he had believed he loved her. Now he was——repudiating her — angrily — furiously cursing the whole damned thing! . . . Gladys was very quiet . . . she had come to Marion's letter . . . he knew the sort of letter it was!—a little packet lay in his breast pocket. . . .

He lifted his haggard face and looked across the table. Gladys was carefully buttering a piece of toast. Her face had suffered no change. . . . She took up the *Morning Post* and began reading down the announcement column in her usual deliberate manner. . . .

What was she going to do? . . . he wanted the thing ended—he must have it out—the suspense was intolerable—he would make her speak.

"How long did she mean to keep her infernal game up?"

The sound of a chair being pushed back made him start. Gladys got up from her seat. He watched her fold the paper and put it on a side table. Then she gathered up her letters—glanced at her wrist watch—and, looking across at him, said in her cool, pleasant voice, "Shall you be in to lunch? The Gervaise-Thornes are coming and Gilbert Thorpe." . . .

He stared at her stupidly—what was her game?—was she going to play with him like a cat with a damned mouse?

He heard a hollow shallow travesty of his own voice answering, "Yes, I shall be in." It was a miracle that he could speak at all—his mouth was dry and his tongue felt five times its normal size. The corners of his lips twitched, so that he felt as if he was grinning idiotically . . .

"I am glad you will be in," said Gladys. "I can manage the Thornes, but Gilbert is rather a handful . . . . he talks exclusively about potash—and super-phosphates — I can't cope with him."

(Continued on page 616)

"After All—It's Worth It All!"

AN IMPRESSION OF THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF ARMISTICE NIGHT, NOVEMBER 11, 1919

By HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"THE LETTER" (concluded).

She turned towards the door. Automatically Gilbert went over and opened it for her—she smiled up at him in that pleasant bright way of hers—he had never thought her clever until now.

How long did she mean to keep her infernal game up?

He stood staring after her, as she went across the hall with the dim autumn sunlight gilding her hair.

Suddenly she paused, and then came back—sorting the letters in her hands.

"Gilbert . . ." her voice was slightly raised, for she had not noticed that he was still standing at the open door.

Now it was coming—he braced himself. She was holding out an envelope.

"Shall you see Marion to-day? She has put a cheque for the Gas Company into an envelope addressed to me, and I suppose my letter has gone to the Gas people ——Isn't it like her?"

On with the Dance

BY THE OLD GUARD.

WE are all to-day, an it please ye, devotees of the Dance. In the four corners of the land the young trip it on the light fantastic toe, while others tread a stately measure with the lesser nimbleness of maturer years. Terpsichore has come among us once again, and with a dainty touch of her golden lyre has made us all her slaves. For ourself, be it said, we esteem but poorly the modern antics brought here from Ethiopian kraals, since they make of the dance a work so serious and solemn that 'tis to our mind no dance at all, but the choreographic solving of a tangled geometrical problem. We are for the simpler kind, wherein the enthusiast may press a dainty hand, or let fall a honeyed word into a not unwilling ear, without dislocating the rhythm of the dance, or making anyone else the wiser, glory be! But herein we are not out to dictate to our brother, nor would we for the world point to the mote in his eye with so outstanding a beam in our own.

A SOUND of revelry is about us on all sides. Wherefore there comes your unctuous Chadband with his whimpering prognostications of impending woe to all whose hearts to-day are light. Because, forsooth! the people dance and dance again, the killjoys will have it that Nature will exact for the wholesome boon a price that will put even the soulless profiteer to shame. The mouthings of such are but a dismal echo of the morbid Hierarchs of old who would have it that dancing is of the Devil, or of the later Puritans who ranked it among mortal sins.

ON, then, with the dance! The joyous epidemic does no more than manifest the high spirits of the age. Under intelligent direction it might have come with lighter violence, which the wise and prudent would have applauded. They that govern us would have done well to relinquish for an hour their schemes of repression, and to identify themselves with the new order born of the agony of darker years. But, it seems, they are all old, tired men who instead of seeing visions do but dream dreams. The English people, weary of being lectured and hectored by meddlers clothed in a little brief authority show signs of breaking from the chafing leash of a Government of Praise-God-Barebones who would, an they could, add unto the Ten Commandments another ten again. Think they, because they are virtuous, there shall be no cakes and ale?

"DESCENDUS AVERNO"
"'Ere, steady mate, 'ow d'yer expect me ter git dahn?"
By C. E. B. BERNARD.

IN noisily proclaiming with the rhetoric of hyperbole the birth of a land wherein heroes may fitly dwell, our sapient rulers are sadly blinded to the dismal truth that while the heroes among us are many, they that are not heroes at all, are many more. In setting the table for the giants, covers should be laid for the dwarfs as well. We ourself, for example, are no sort of a hero, but one of many millions of entirely commonplace persons. But our negative administrators find it seemingly impossible to let the hero quaff deeply of the nectar that is his lordly due, without withholding from us of the lesser breed our customary beer. 'Tis sad to confess it, but we may not all be heroes, and the common people need at times a friendly lead from those in authority over them in the direction of lightness and hilarity. The everlasting parrot-like croak of Thou-Shalt-Not needs an occasional variant. Music and dancing, love and laughter, these are the rightful heritage of a great people who ere now have worked out their own salvation by themselves, and will do it yet again. The morning brings joy; and though our pastors and masters seem to heed it not, the morning is here! On with the dance!

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Incisive!

"May I walk with you Miss?"
"Why, certainly, if you are timid!"

By A. K. MACDONALD

THE FRESHMEN'S SPORTS AT CAMBRIDGE
The start for the Three Miles, which was won by R. V. Dawes (Bridgnorth and Caius) in 16 mins. 16 4-5 secs.

Photographs *Sport and General*
H. M. ABRAHAMS (Repton and Caius)
Winning the Long Jump at the Freshmen's Sports at Cambridge. He also won the Hundred and the Quarter

In H. M. Abrahams, a Reptonian and a brother of S. Abrahams, the well-known old Blue, Cambridge seem to have a young athlete of exceptional promise. At the Freshmen's Sports last week he won the Hundred in 10 1-5th sec, the Quarter in 52 4-5th sec., and the Long Jump with 21 ft. 3 in. Not only were these performances well above the average for a freshman, they were also strikingly good in themselves, having regard to the bad weather in which they were done, and his future career will be watched with interest.

Games and Pastimes

HOCKEY.

Full or Half Blue

Last week, in these Notes, I concurred in the opinion of those who think that the time has come when a full Blue should be granted for hockey at Oxford, and I am glad that I gave my reason for holding this view, for with some of the other reasons which have been given in the Press I am entirely at variance. Some people, for instance, seem to think that if a full Blue is given at one University for any game, the other University should, as a matter of course, follow suit, and that because Cambridge gives a full Blue for hockey Oxford should do likewise. This shows a sublime ignorance of the principle which governs the granting of the full Blue.

Fallacious Tests

Equally wide of the mark is the reason given by the writer of the Hockey Notes in last Wednesday's *Sportsman*. He thinks that the popularity of the game and the number of undergraduates who play it should be the test, and that, because the number of people who now play hockey at Oxford is as large as it undoubtedly is, a full Blue should be the reward of the chosen eleven against Cambridge. He even advances, in all seriousness, the argument that if a full Blue is granted for rackets, of which (according to him) there are only about twelve players in residence at one time, how much more should a full Blue be granted to hockey, whose players possibly exceed twelve hundred.

The Governing Principle

The principle which, in fact, governs the determination of this question is a perfectly simple and straightforward one, and the test—the only one that can be logically applied—is the standard of play. It is the test which is applied by the Blues Committee, and if (as has happened in the case of hockey) a full Blue is granted at one University and not at the other it is because it is justified by the standard of play among the game's leading exponents in the first case and not in the second. My reason for advocating a full Blue for hockey at Oxford is, as I said last week, that the standard of Oxford hockey is now sufficiently high, whatever it may have been before, to merit this distinction. Mere numbers have nothing to do with it. The *Sportsman* writer says that numbers mean keen competition, but keen competition among hundreds of comparative duffers will not produce a side capable of playing first-class hockey. There are hundreds of people who play lawn tennis very keenly at Oxford in the summer, but the six who represent the 'Varsity against Cambridge are not, on current form, worth more than a half-Blue.

County Hockey at Richmond

At Richmond, last Wednesday, Surrey beat Oxfordshire in the first County Hockey match of the season by 2 goals to one, all scored before half-time. Our artist has recorded above some impressions of a keen and enjoyable, if not particularly scientific, encounter

By PHYLLIS KERMODE

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

The First County Match

LAST Wednesday the first county hockey match since the War, Surrey *v.* Oxfordshire, was played at Richmond. I arrived on the ground just in time to see Surrey score what proved to be the winning goal. It was hit just before half-time, each side having then a goal apiece, and as nothing was scored in the second half Surrey won by 2-1. It was in a way rather a lucky win, for Oxfordshire had the best of it on the whole after half-time. Surrey, however, were unlucky in having to find substitutes for S. H. Shoveller, C. T. A. Wilkinson, and G. F. McGrath at the last moment. As is usual in these matches there was plenty of good individual play, but not much in the way of combination. For Surrey J. H. Bennett and W. E. Gardner, at back and half-back respectively, and J. M. A. Kendall (forward), who hit both their goals, were about the best, whilst the useful men on the Oxfordshire side were H. J. F. Smith (a brother of the international, A. L. F. Smith), at back and A. G. H. Mayhew (half-back), together with F. H. Hartley, a fast and clever left-wing forward.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

One-Sided Games

THERE is only one drawback to the excellent educational work which has been done just lately by the Corinthians in playing a series of matches against public schools teams. It is that the matches are, as a rule, very one-sided, the skill and experience of the Corinthians being too much for their younger rivals. This means that, although the boys get plenty of education in defence, opportunities for improving the attacking side of their game are very seldom forthcoming.

CADDIE: "Which club will you try, sir?"
GOLFER (*whose ball has vanished down a rabbit hole*): "Give me one shaped like a ferret"
BY HESKETH DAUBENY

Is a Handicap Possible?

THIS has led to a discussion whether some form of handicap could not be devised so as to make things more even. An obvious suggestion is that the size of the goal defended by the boys should be reduced, but this would hardly effect the desired object, for the stronger side would still be continually attacking, even if they scored fewer goals. A better plan, perhaps, would be for the teams to split up, and for the backs of the stronger side to play with the forwards of the weaker against the backs of the weaker side, and the forwards of the stronger, but to this there is the obvious objection that it would entirely rob the match of its character as a match between two representative sides. A suggestion made by the *Field*, though it sounds rather fantastic, is certainly worth consideration. It is that the stronger side should be handicapped by having to play with their left arms in slings. As the *Field* remarks, no doubt some people would laugh, but what would that matter if the main object were achieved? H. S. S.

LAST THURSDAY'S AEROPLANE TRAGEDY

The third aeroplane to essay the flight from England to Australia, for the £10,000 prize offered by the Australian Government, crashed soon after leaving Hounslow in a field at Surbiton on Thursday last. The machine, as will be seen, was totally wrecked and its crew, whose portraits are inset, Lieut. R. Douglas, M.C., D.C.M. (left), and Lieut J. S. L. Ross, were both killed. Superstitious people have taken due note of the fact that this fatal journey was begun on the 13th of the month.

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By Field Stream & Covert

Photograph THE OPENING MEET OF THE WARD UNION STAG HOUNDS *Central News*

Held recently at the Ward, County Dublin. Some of the followers are here seen returning after a hard run

An Early Check

I do not remember a season in which hunting was checked quite so early as has been the case this year. We hardly expect in the first fortnight of November to see the countryside covered in snow and with considerable amount of "bone" in the ground. This was our experience last week, and many meets had to be cancelled owing to the wintry conditions. Nor was fox-hunting the only sport interfered with, as the Kennel Club's retriever trials at Lowther Castle suffered by the bad weather, much to the disappointment of Lord Lonsdale, who had for the time being absented himself from his accustomed place with the Cottesmore Foxhounds in order to do what he could to promote the success of the trials. The Quorn just escaped the Arctic visitation on the occasion of their opening meet at Kirby Gate, and were able to show their followers a very fair day's sport. Among our illustrations you will find a good snapshot of the Joint Masters, Mr. Edmund Paget and Major Algernon Burnaby, together with their huntsman, Walter Wilson, taken at Kirby Gate. These Masters are very popular with everyone connected with the Hunt, and excellent results are expected from their term in office.

With the Belvoir

An idea of what the country looked like during the snowy spell last week is furnished by our picture of the Belvoir Hounds on their way to the opening meet at Leadenham House. Yet frost and snow did not prevent a large company from assembling at that fixture, and there was some enjoyable sport to follow, including a sharp burst of twenty minutes from Hilltop Plantation into the Blankney country. A second run followed from the same covert, but this time the pace was not so keen. Major T. Bouch, the Master, has undertaken the formidable task of hunting the hounds himself.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD LONSDALE

One of the judges at the Kennel Club Retriever Trials, held at Lowther Castle, Penrith

Lord Harrington's Hounds

The Earl of Harrington's Hounds made a promising start just before the frost stopped hunting. They are being hunted by the Master's son, Lord Petersham, who looks like maintaining the high reputation which the late Lord Harrington held in the hunting world. Since the latter's death the South Notts country has been divided, the Derbyshire side being hunted by Lord Petersham and the Nottinghamshire side by Colonel R. L. Birkin.

The Irish Packs

Ireland has been more fortunate in regard to weather, and sport so far has been uninterrupted. True, there have been one or two mild demonstrations on the part of the Sinn Feiners, but up to the present they have contented themselves by putting in an appearance at the meets, and there has been no organised attempt to stop the sport. One thing is quite certain—the Irish farmers are in no way in sympathy with the movement to stop hunting, and I am hopeful that the present season will progress smoothly with the various packs.

THE OPENING MEET OF THE BELVOIR
Which was recently held at Leadenham House, Lincolnshire. Hounds are seen on their way to the Meet, on snow-covered roads, at Leadenham Park

S. B. Vaughan at 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in view of present-day prices is decidedly cheap at 3*s.* 6*d.* Everybody interested in hunting will find it full of useful information, and the diary of sport for the winter months is just what the regular rider to hounds requires for keeping a record of his outings. A.W.C.

THE ERIDGE FOXHOUNDS AT MARK CROSS
The Marquis and Marchioness Camden arriving at the Meet

Pytchley Runs

THE outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease on the Warwickshire side of their country rather restricts the activities of the Pytchley Hounds at present. Apart from that, Sir Charles Frederick can survey the results of the first weeks of the season with complete satisfaction. Following the opening meet at Lamport Grange some capital sport was enjoyed, and hounds did even better later in the week after meeting at Clipston. They hunted a fox found in Alford Thorns for just over two hours. Hounds had made a point of eight miles, and covered at least twelve miles, so those who took part in the gallop were well content.

"The Hunting Diary"

I AM glad to welcome the new issue of *The Hunting Diary*, which achieved something of a record among hunting directories in having appeared during the War without a break. It is published by

Photographs *Sport and General*

MAJOR T. BOUCH
Master of the Belvoir, talking to Ned Friend, the kennel huntsman

THE OPENING MEET OF THE QUORN

The Quorn Hounds held their opening meet last week, with the historic fixture of Kirby Gate. Our picture shows Mr. Edmund Paget (left), Major Algernon Burnaby (centre), joint master, with the huntsman, Walter Wilson

Photographs *Central News and Photo Press*

A MEET OF THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S HOUNDS

The opening meet of the Earl of Harrington's Hounds took place at the ancient mansion, Morley Manor, in a thick fog. The start was delayed for some considerable time until the fog lifted. Left to right: Mr. H. Crossley (Secretary), Viscount Petersham (Acting Master), and Mr. Richardson (of Derby), with the pack

RACING NOTIONS

MANCHESTER

By "CARBINE"

The November Handicap

To find the winner of the Manchester November Handicap will be the comforting finish to the flat-racing season which racegoers are hoping to make this week. Ever since I saw him run prominently in the Cesarewitch for a mile and a half I have had the notion that King John would probably win this race. Mr. Gilpin apparently has also had the same idea, and we shall see the horse at Manchester on Saturday for the first time since his disappointing effort at Newmarket. His failure on that occasion was simply due to the fact that he was running beyond his proper distance. I believe the course this week will exactly suit him, and I shall expect him to make a prominent show. Another competitor who ought, at least, to run into the first three is Chat Tor. The handicapper has not treated him at all badly, and we know he will be sure to stay the distance. There is also Alasnam to be considered; he cannot possibly be left out of the reckoning after his recent prominent display. And so I shall make **King John** my selection, taking Chat Tor and Alasnam as likely winning place horses.

Photograph *Sport and General*

SIR CARL MEYER'S "LITTLE BOY"
Winner of the Chesterfield Nursery Plate Handicap, being led in after the race (F. Lane up)

Other Selections

In the Delamere Handicap on Thursday **Golden Melody** may compensate those backers who lost their money over him in the Cesarewitch, and on the same day **Longstop** may win the Woodland Nursery. I expect **Tetricus** to take the Lancashire Nursery on Friday, and **Frank Webber** may be worth following in the Sedgley Handicap. For the Finale Handicap at Lingfield on the last day of the flat-racing season, **Aris** appears to me to possess a good chance.

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DEAD HEAT

THE GAMBLERS.
By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

If I were on the verge of the grave, unable to love, to digest food, or to enjoy drink, and were cursed with a jaded appreciation of art and literature; if my skin were shrivelled, my eyes rheumy, and my vitality unramlike, I might view with decrepit amusement the rotting financial condition of England to-day.

Being young—the term is growing elastic—and having a real stake and not a tottering peg in the country, I must for once be serious, and, therefore, untrue to myself.

The country is being run by gamblers—mercenary, unimaginative, materialistic, desperate, and foolish gamblers—gambling with the national resources for their own personal aggrandisement.

Lord Rothermere is doing a great service to the country in writing his series of articles on this vital matter. I wish he had written them three years ago, when the financial debacle began.

I loathe quotations—they are the most obvious evidence of a lack of individual originality. I never quote anyone except myself. This is my apology for the following.

In 1917 I wrote a series of articles on the mad Governmental extravagance, but they fell on Waccsed ears and Wraffled minds. It would require a Times Supplement to quote them adequately, but here is one extract.

GLOBE. June 6th, 1917.

"Not only is this war a ghastly annihilation of mankind, it is a war of financial annihilation. And 1917 is the critical financial year. Britain is to-day thriving only on an artificial prosperity—on the proportion of the 7½ millions a day spent in the country. In other words, we are living on borrowed capital. But what of the reckoning? The "blank cheque" system and the insane attempt to stifle intelligent criticism have failed to check the avoidable waste which will ultimately render us with a colossal debt, which will be a millstone round the necks of the future generation."

After this article appeared a "patriot" got up in the House of Commons and asked whether steps were being taken to suppress my articles. But thanking the Gods for my sense of humour I continued my lonely campaign.

* * * * * *

Pope & Bradley still continue to supply clothes at a moderate price. Soon perhaps they will give them away out of sheer irritation at the iniquitous taxation. Lounge Suits from £10 10 0; Dinner Suits from £14 14 0; Dress Suits from £16 16 0; Overcoats from £10 10 0

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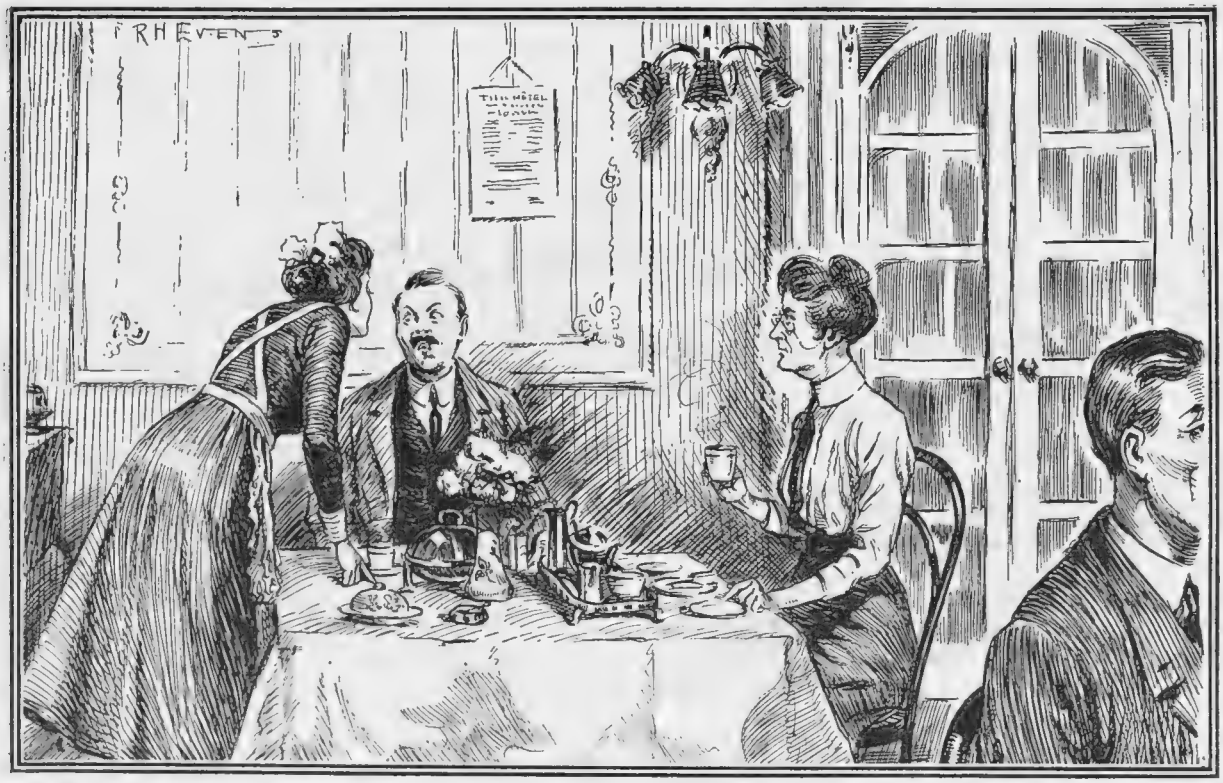
What's the Matter with These Two?



HABITUE (*returning to favourite hotel and noticing absence of usual honey pot*): "Where's my honey, this morning?"
WAITRESS (*confidentially*): "She left last week, sir!"

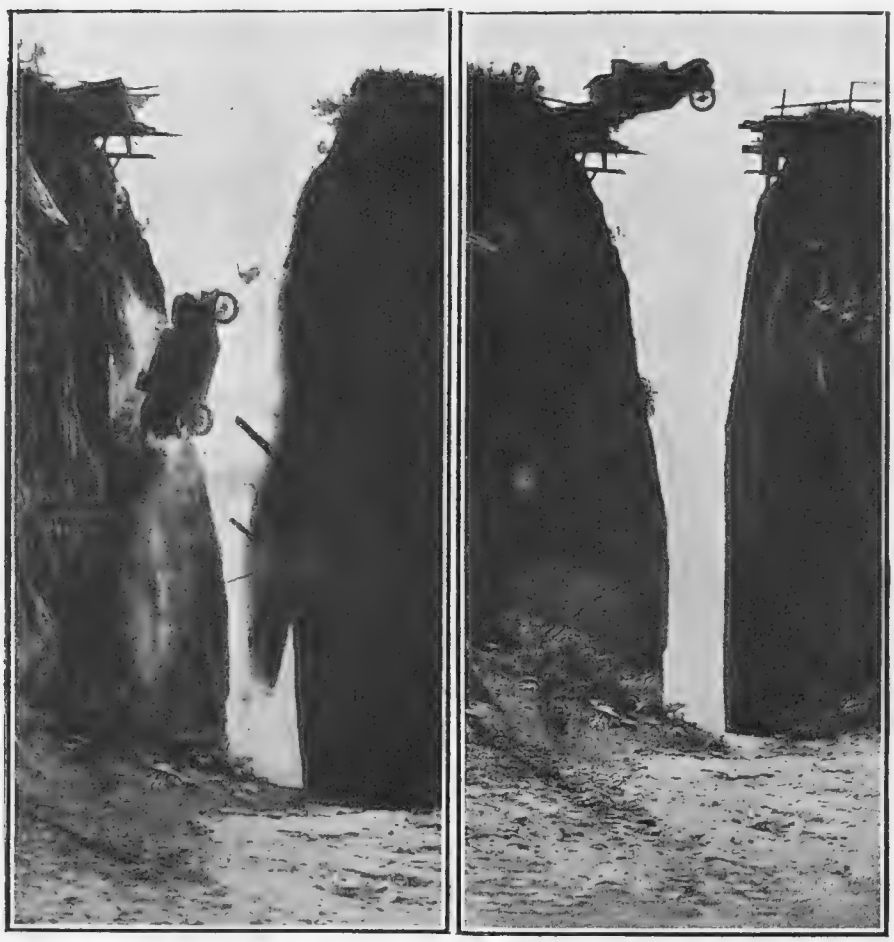
By R. H. EVENS

SERGEANT (*just arrived from Palestine*): "Colonel's compliments, mum, beg to deliver three ladies for domestic service, mum, all correct!"

By C. E. B. BERNARD

The Educational Possibilities of the Cinema

All times are times of transition. No epoch is an entity in itself. We may regard the present day as the period of the Gold Flake, or of the Jazz, but it is, at any rate, everybody fondly hopes, the period of Re-organisation. This we see as much in the Film World as in any other popular department of life. The period of propaganda still goes on, more under the name of education than in the War service of defending the realm; but it is propaganda, nevertheless, though now it come in the disguise of entertainment. It is, however, assuming a weakened form. During War days, such themes as touched on disease were dealt with in forceful, convincing mediums. Now, when the need for a clean world is just as great as when the grim conditions of War surrounded us, there is a strong tendency to return to hypocrisies and omit —in some of the healthiest and strongest of these educational films —the very incidents which make, in the long run, for the greatest social good and for health. Why be squeamish where the facts of life *sincerely* dealt with are concerned? And that does not imply the representation of anything revolting to pollute the imagination of the spectator; on the contrary, it can be handled with such skill by the great film producer, as to become wholesomely interesting, as was seen recently at the Trade Show of one of Griffith's serious cinema masterpieces, "The End of the Road"—given with the authority of the National Council for Combating Diseases, and with the approval of the Ministry of Health. It is difficult to conceive why there is talk that some of its strongest incidents are to be deleted before it is publicly shown. Down with Mrs. Grundy, if she is going to keep us from the full enjoyment of our best strength. Can we afford, in these processes of re-organisation, to return to those dark days when, as we have proved in War-times, it was folly to be ignorant. "The Road to Ruin" tells us, gently and candidly, by means of contrast, that the right way is the best way; that the facts of life can be told the young in a manner that will help not only them, but the race. The very rapidity of the film in presentation prevents it from being a too detailistic art, and in that it is a better medium of propaganda than any other form of expression. Another film of the moment, "Auction of Souls," was shown to the Trade at the Coliseum last Wednesday; but, alarming as its incidents were, we are assured by parson and producer, that they fall far short of the agonising facts vouched for in Viscount Bryce's report of the massacres in Armenia. It tells the true story of Aurora Mardiganian, Christian and Martyr, who was the sole survivor of 500,000 Christians sacrificed in the months which followed a fateful day in 1915. This "picture" is in the spirit of "Lest We Forget," and is sound post-War agitation. Seven thousand leaders in Society, and what America calls "uplift," paid ten dollars each to see this record of Armenian sufferings on its first presentation in New York. Such pictures are of the highest educational value, and will raise the cinema to a forceful and dignified place in our public life, so long as they stick to the truth and nothing but the truth. R.T.R.M.



"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY AGAIN!"

Which is exactly what the driver of this car did after crashing down 100 ft. into this gorge in the attempt to clear it. At the first attempt he had not sufficient momentum. We take it, however, that though, by the mercy of Providence, it was the same man who made the second attempt, it was not the same car! A film? Yes, of course, that was the idea!

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"Am I *really* the only girl you ever told she was the only girl you ever told she was the only girl you ever loved?"

By Tom Cottrell

The New Parvenus

By HARFORD WORLOCK

"I TELL you what it is," said Mr. Munish to his spouse, as the family sat down to a late supper of ham and pickles. "It's these here New Poor, as they talks about, what's sending up the cost of living for the working-man. They're just a lot of *parvenus*."

"You're right there," said Mrs. M. "Look at them people next door. Shabby lot, she is. Always working. Why, their yard this morning was that full of washing you'd have thought they all had a clean change every week."

"Disgustin' display, I call it," remarked her husband, "trying to whitewash themselves, that's what they are."

"It's not only them, either," she continued. "Most of the families what's moved here lately is like it, and it's spoiling the shops. Why, the greengrocer at the corner don't keep pineapples now, only tinned ones; says he don't get asked for them often enough."

"It ain't only in this street, mother," observed Mr. Munish, "it's everywhere. If you go to an eating-house, there they are. Blimey! I like to see a man enjoy his food, not go sipping his soup as if he was afraid it'd choke him. There was one of them by me at a place where I had my dinner the other day. Wasting his food, as if he hadn't been brought up to know a good dinner when he see it."

Mr. M. laughed suddenly at the thought, cut his mouth, and swore. The meal over, they gathered round the fire, and for some minutes the silence was punctuated by sounds as of encouragement to a horse. At length Mr. Munish re-opened the subject.

"If you go for a day's racing," he observed, "it's just the same. The silver ring's full of them, and so's the cheap stand at the football matches. So you have to pay more to keep yourself to yourself."

"It's like that at the pictures, too," remarked Mrs. M. "You have to push and shove your way into the two-bob seats because they're all crowding up in a queue for the shillings. What I says is, why can't they stop at home?"

"I expect, mother," replied her spouse, "it's because they ain't got comfortable homes to go to. They may look all right on the outside, but there's nothing behind the blinds. No best parlour kept special for company. Nothing in the kitchen, except a table, a chair, and a gas stove. No gramophones, or anything of that sort."

"Oh, but they've got a pianner next door," interrupted Miss Maggie Munish, "though, of course, it only plays by hand."

"*A* pianner!" ejaculated Mr. Munish. "What did I tell you? It's just display. Keeping up appearances, in fact. What I says is, if you can't give your wife and daughters a pianner *each* you'd better have none at all! What is this feller next door?"

"He goes to work all right," said his wife. "He starts off about eight of a morning, and comes home to supper."

"Likes work, I suppose," sneered Mr. M., "one of them gluttons for producing overtime. And then goes splashing his money about on Income Tax and things, instead of doing without it like decent people. What's his Union?"

"I don't know rightly as he has one," answered Mrs. Munish. "Leastways, he's not been on strike since he's lived here, and that's twelve months."

"P'raps he's on one of them clubs," suggested Miss Munish.

"Clubs!" retorted her father, scornfully. "If he was anybody he'd belong to a good Union. And yet he comes and sets up as one of us! He'll be wanting me to propose him next. *Parvenus*, mother, that's what they are, *parvenus!!*"

The Heroine (Win or Lose) of the Plymouth Election

Photograph A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF LADY ASTOR AND HER FAMILY *Speaight*

Lady Astor, the Coalition Unionist Candidate in the Plymouth bye-election (caused by her husband's succession to the peerage), has been conducting her campaign with such brilliance that she has won the admiration of all parties, and it is expected that, in this three-cornered contest, she may obtain the largest poll on November 28th, and thus be the first woman to take her seat in the House as M.P.

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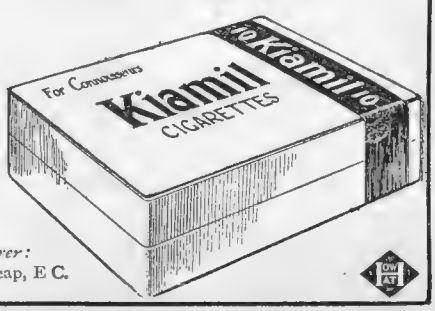

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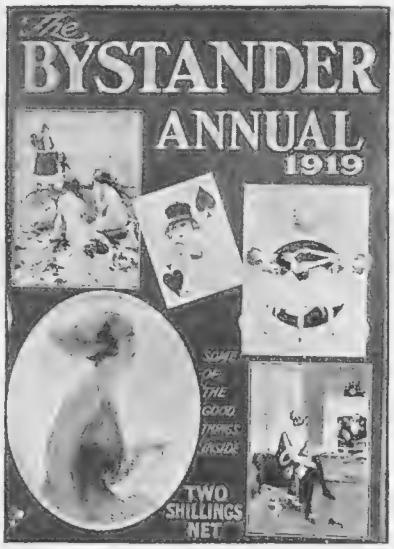
The Bystander Annual, 1919

With every sign and device of holiday, THE BYSTANDER Annual will wear its motley of jest and festivity with attractive graces. Never in its history has it expressed the seasonableness of the good time which is so close upon us with such infinite variety of jolly fare in picture and story, nor provided without stint an array of talent and mirth so infectious with cheer.

Its coloured cover, by such famous artists as Baumer, Pizer, Blampied, Barribal and Keene, will be the most striking on the Christmas bookstalls. It is an achievement in artistic arrangement, and thrills the reader with the delights of Christmas. A master cover!

THE BYSTANDER has practically founded a *salon* of artists, and forty of these illustrators of note will hang pictures in the 128-page 1919 Annual. Ten superb coloured plates, by Bairnsfather, Lewis Baumer, Harris, Helen McKie, Barribal, Pizer, Keene and Woolley will decorate the masque of holiday which THE BYSTANDER has provided. Forty artists of world-wide reputation will tell the happy tale of the hour, amid revels of verse, dance, and fireside story, for, to its international *salon* of draftsmen, THE BYSTANDER adds an Academy of wit and humour, to be a member of which amounts to a distinction in letters.

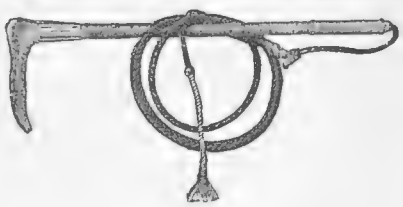


Out November 24th

"Jingle" is the cap and bells of theatre-goers; he will lead off a gay Christmas dance in THE BYSTANDER Annual—with no end of gay poets, clever skit-writers, humorists, author-clowns, and a very revel of harlequin penmen to distribute the favours of verse and prose.

Collinson Owen will relate one of his inimitable stories than which nothing more uniquely diverting has appeared in up-to-date print. J. M. Bulloch will rhyme with learned jollity, and there will be, besides, Macdonald Hastings, Hodgson Burnett, Harford Warlock, G. W. Nelson, W. L. George, Frank Elias, Dell Leigh, "Blanche," A. A. Thompson, Fred Buchanan, P. J. Philip and other specialists in humour, drama, and skit.

ZAIR'S HUNTING CROPS



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A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

It used to be said that Oscar Wilde invented the 'Nineties, Beardsley and the Yellow Book and the Café Royal and absinthe—all those exquisite things which dissolved quite quietly at the time of that other war, which some of us can remember. Of course, he did nothing of the sort. The 'Nineties were invented by an Oxford undergraduate—Cambridge, I am afraid, could never have done such a thing—called, I believe, H. Maxwell Beerbohm. When you are *in statu pupillari* you have to be careful of your Dean; but not even an archbishop himself could have prevented this particular undergraduate from inventing the 'Nineties. He simply had to invent something or other, and so he invented this most interesting period, whose history has been given to the world by that admirable essayist, Holbrook Jackson. Mr. Beerbohm himself symbolised the success of his venture by publishing his collected *Works* in the slimmest duodecimo on record. Incidentally, he announced his intention of being just Max to the world, and if you objected, he drew you in horrible boots, left out any good feature you happened to possess, obtained a list of your vices from your nurse or your keeper, and published you abroad.

* * *

Also, he continued to publish more works, which had the singular merit of being so peculiarly themselves and not the remains of other people, that even if he had omitted to caricature you—for some years an unpardonable omission—you felt no enmity towards him. And then, somehow, things changed, how or why nobody knows. Max became—a tradition. He has remained a tradition for years. I know people who will solemnly tell you that Max died shortly after taking his degree, and if a book comes out under his name it is probably the work of Mr. William Le Queux. And yet Max is indubitably alive and—kicking. (Not the *mot juste*, I'm afraid, but no matter.) Indeed, there is another Work just out for your inspection and enjoyment. It is called *Seven Men* (Heinemann: 7*s.* net), and if only it had some of those dreadful illustrations of his it would be the book I would choose to give all my friends for a present. "Here," I would say, "is a book which will be read centuries hence, particularly in the Reading-Room of the British Museum." I know this will be so, by the way, because Max tells us so in the first sketch of his book. And it is the genuine Max. I would add, *mot juste*, the Devil, square pages and all.

Really, Max is a blessing. These half-dozen sketches are extraordinarily good. I would not swear that even Max himself had *met* the seven men of whom he tells us, but it is not impossible. To some great men strange adventures come easily enough. In any case, these seven men are people you would like to have known. There is poor Enoch Soames, the "dim" poet who journeyed to posterity to see what they said of him a century hence. (Other poets should take warning from his awful experience.) There is the man who lived only for the sake of taking horrible risks; he nearly killed Max in a car, and died after alighting safely enough from a "stunt" in the air. There are the two novelists of the 'Nineties who met under such curious conditions at the Duchess's party. There is the man who told—er—stories, even to Max, which were not strictly true. And finally there is "Savonarola" Brown—with tragedy almost complete. You must certainly meet these curious acquaintances of his, and should you happen to have known any of them in the flesh, I feel sure that Max would be grateful for any information you could give him on the matter. He is a very painstaking biographer.

(*Continued on next page*)

THE NEW RICH

Mrs. Bloggs: "Honourable sir, would you graciously inform her Leddyship that her Aunt Lizzie has come to pay her respects?"

By C. E. B. Bernard

A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)

TALKING of the Nineties, when *vers libre* was part of the movement—I think it must have been—I wonder what the young men of that day would have said of Herbert Read's book, *Naked Warriors* (Arts and Letters: 3*s.* net). They would not have been shocked, because in those days you did not allow yourself to be shocked if you wanted to assert your existence. Would they have worshipped as at a new shrine? What *would* they have said? But I fancy that such a terrible little book could not have been written before the Georgian era. Mr. Read, with months of that grim life in France behind him, sets forth some things that he saw—starkly. You are shocked into some sort of a monstrous thrill. You think: "Yes, such things did happen, but why write of them?" And you are angry with Mr. Read for daring; but you are not angry for long. This young writer is ablaze with cold wrath, and gets down on to paper something so terrible as to have an effect which no second-rate stuff could produce. I do not advise you to read *Naked Warriors* if you are unprepared or in trivial mood.

Photograph *Compton Collier*

MR. JEROME K. JEROME

The well-known author and playwriter, photographed on the steps of his house, Monk's Corner, Marlow Common, Bucks

MR. P. G. WODEHOUSE is a splendid *farceur*. His new book, *A Damsel in Distress* (Jenkins: 7*s.* net), is just such a bundle of frolics as will cure any sort of a dump—what is a dump?—from which you may happen to be suffering. It is a comedy of such errors as only Mr. Wodehouse would devise. It is not usual for an Earl's daughter to take refuge in a taxicab already occupied by a young, golfing, successful composer of musical comedy. It is not usual for such a composer to knock a nobleman's hat off his noble head in Piccadilly. I am convinced it is not usual for the servants in a lordly domain to run a sweep which concerns itself with the various young men who have a chance of marrying the daughter of the house; or if such be the deplorable fact, I am certain that these gamblers do not deliberately try to guide the young lady's judgment. Yet all these things happen in Mr. Wodehouse's book, and you accept them with pleasure. This is really good fun, very charmingly set out, without a dull passage from beginning to end.

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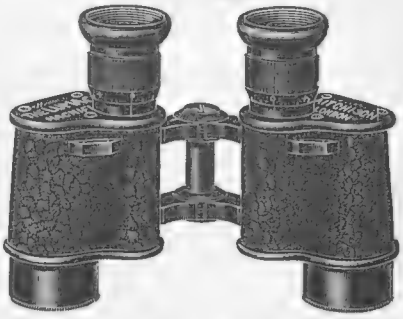

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A GENERAL VIEW OF THE OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW

MOTORING & AVIATION

THANK goodness the Motor Show at Olympia is over, but what an astounding joke the whole affair was! Stands galore, salesmen everywhere, hardly an inch of space to put your foot on the ground for the crowd of sightseers and car-buyers, but not a single car to be bought, unless made in America, that you could have delivered to you this week. Talk about eye-wash, what was it all about? Our cousins across the Herring Pond scored all along the line, and I no longer see the crates upon crates of cars stacked on the barges by Blackfriars Bridge. I expect last week's performance cleared them. O, lucky Uncle Sam! How kind they are to you. Then the learned pundits who have to write for their weeklies disseminated any amount of false news in their guides, both in regard to stand numbers and prices. 'Cos why? Both were changed during the week. Another sort of joke, and some long faces were pulled on that score, and by the public, too. It's a nice thing, when you have scraped up just enough money to buy the 'bus and given your order, to discover that you have to pull out another hundred quidlets. It made some of them pause, I can tell you, as what looks a bargain at fivepence appears a bit expensive at 6½*d.* when multiplied about a thousand times. There is one satisfaction, anyway, and that is the coffers of the promoters must be filled to overflowing from the gate-money, so the salaries look very rosy for the permanent staff.

* * *

As for the well-established old firms, they hate the Show, and would dearly love to abolish it, as it only gives the newcomers in the industry a chance to cut into their preserves. And, my word! there were some newcomers; in fact, lots were crowded out, and now we are threatened with two Olympia displays next year. If this is to happen, all I wish for is that there will be a dividing line on a price basis, or else utter confusion is likely. Nobody will want to place his order until he has seen the second Show, and by that time he will have forgotten half what he saw at the first. Of course, if it is to be regarded as a circus, and a dodge further to increase the income of the S.M.M.T., that's business. But if all the exhibitors are going to stand for it they are more unbusinesslike than their worst enemy would give them credit for. I really sympathise with the motor manufacturers who are most desirous to get on with their job and build stuff to sell, but I wish they had postponed this last affair until the spring, as it does not seem so long to wait for the car you may order when September is given as the delivery date. Anyway, we are to have the Scottish light-car trials in June, starting on the 14th of that month and continuing over

"HEART-BRAKING!"

SALESMAN: "Yes, madam, in the latest cars you can pull up in five yards—dead"
LADY: "Oh, how dreadful!"

By R. H. Evens

MOTORING AND AVIATION (continued)

1,000 miles of the hills for six days. I don't expect there will be many entries in the "not more than £200 class" or that the £275 lot will fill many lines of print. Perhaps prices may go down by then, as, unless they do, the up to £350 and exceeding that figure will be the real competitors. Still, one can but hope for the best.

* * *

EVERYBODY, however, was very merry in the misfortune of overfull orders books last week, and the entertainments were most numerous. In fact, hospitality to the country agents must have nearly put them out of business, except the strong men from the North. I have still to learn how some of the British car-makers liked to see the queue of dealers booking up their share of the 4,000 cars promised from France on one stand, which, it is understood, are to be imported at the rate of thirty-five cars per week, a day's output of the firm making them. But this is a digression from the festivities. One Monday the Angus-Sanderson agents were dined, on Tuesday they dined with the Belsize, on Wednesday another firm gave them hospitality, while on Thursday the Willys-Overland lunched a lot of them, and then there was the agents' dinner at the Connaught Rooms that evening, and three hundred of them told each other the tale. It took them all Friday to pack up their bags in order to get home to their counties by Saturday, but some of them did not think it worth while, for next week, sure pop, there is another Olympia Show for motor-bikes and cycle-cars and push-cycles, and what-nots, such as scooters. And more hospitality to follow. Thank goodness I found a gigantic tyre in the centre of the Dunlop stand which I curled up into and slept like a doormouse until it was all over. I am not quite sure whether I have got straight yet, so if this yarn seems a bit curly put it down to that.

THE APPERSON EIGHT-CYLINDER CAR

* * *

THE new Road Club seems going great guns, old Time's coach and all, and they rolled down to Olympia in great force, subscriptions at ten guineas notwithstanding. They were another hospitable lot, and gathered all the "best families," as the Yankees say, round their board in the motoring, flying, and road-using world. I really like the idea of a Road Club, as it brings all sorts of travellers together. Even the iron road folk, who swear by the steam "puff-puff," can join this, and see what bright management and cosy furniture can do for the comfort of travellers. After the usual motor-run to Brighton and back on "Show Sunday," a fine crowd gathered here to sample the special Scotch that some genius has managed to smuggle down south, or did it come from Havre, where the surplus stores in cases seem to abound? I should not be surprised to see a lot of the members make an exodus to Glasgow in January for the Scottish Automobile Exhibition to be held at the

(*Continued on page* xiv)

The New 20-50 H.P. Vulcan

There was no mistaking the profound impression made at Olympia by the Vulcan 20-50 H.P. Private Car (90 x 130 m/m bore and stroke). Its potential power was admitted by all who thoughtfully inspected it. Its grace and comfort commanded admiration. The general feeling among visitors interested in 20-H.P. cars was that this new Vulcan is *supreme in its class* for power, grace, and comfort.

Price (provisional), complete with all equipment, ready to drive £1,000

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE VULCAN MOTOR AND ENGINEERING CO (1906), LTD., CROSSENS, SOUTHPORT, ENGLAND.

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A Breakdown—

—Is not Always Necessarily a Disaster!

By W. E. WIGFULL

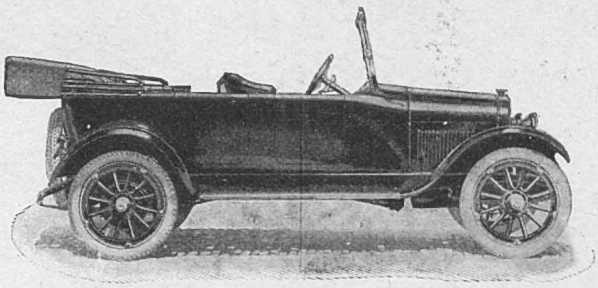
MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, from January 23 to 30, to discover the fountain. At this, the next motor exhibition in this country, there are to be sixty-seven exhibitors showing motor carriages, nineteen others commercial motor vehicles, besides some fifty-one stall-holders in the tyre and accessory sections, so it is going to be a full-dress rehearsal of last week's Olympia for the benefit of northern motorists. As for the flying folk, the Christmas aero exhibition in Paris is going to draw a great number of our own pilots and manufacturers there this December, and now the French are sending their correspondence by aeroplane daily we are getting "close talk," as the U.S.A. Navy say.

***

Really the A.A. are going it. Their latest stunt is to go into the spare part business, especially for motor-cyclists, who seem to want them more than anybody else. Consequently, any motor-cyclist who finds any difficulty in getting what he wants in this direction has only to apply to one of the twenty A.A. branch offices in this country and Stenson's scouts do the rest. Some boys, eh!

When I recently bumped and bumped over the 720 odd miles of Welsh mountain tracks, I followed a Blackburne-engined competitor who did very well. Consequently I have kept my eye on these people, as who knows how big they may get, and perhaps build a balloon-engine some day. They are getting on, as I hear that the new H.B. motor-cycle has a 2¾ h.p. Blackburne engine, and is supposed to be quite a good thing.



THE OWNER-DRIVER'S 1920 MAXWELL
A popular car which claims 300,000 users. Its price is £458

I have to qualify things nowadays as there is an epidemic of prospectuses, and if you dare to say anything like a compliment in the motor business world, before you know where you are, you find it on the front page of the "Get-into-Your-Ribs Motor Car and Cycle Factory, Unlimited," asking for £10,000,000,000, or some such trifle from the public on a chance word from the unwary, or a too heavy lunch, perhaps a bit of both. In fact, I would like to say what I think about the New Hudson light weight two-stroke motor-cycle, but shall have to wait to watch it run in the T. T. race, or up and down the parade at Douglas getting ready for it, as somebody whispered it was going to be sold under £70, but "I daren't," as Helen Mar says of some of her stories.

Old Hy.

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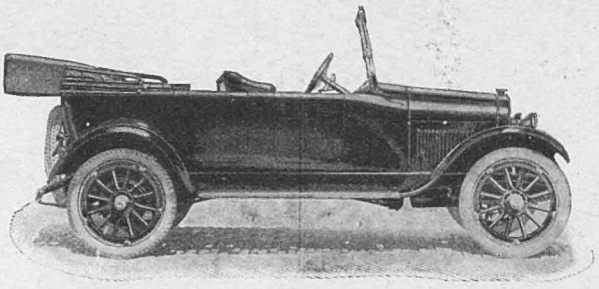

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